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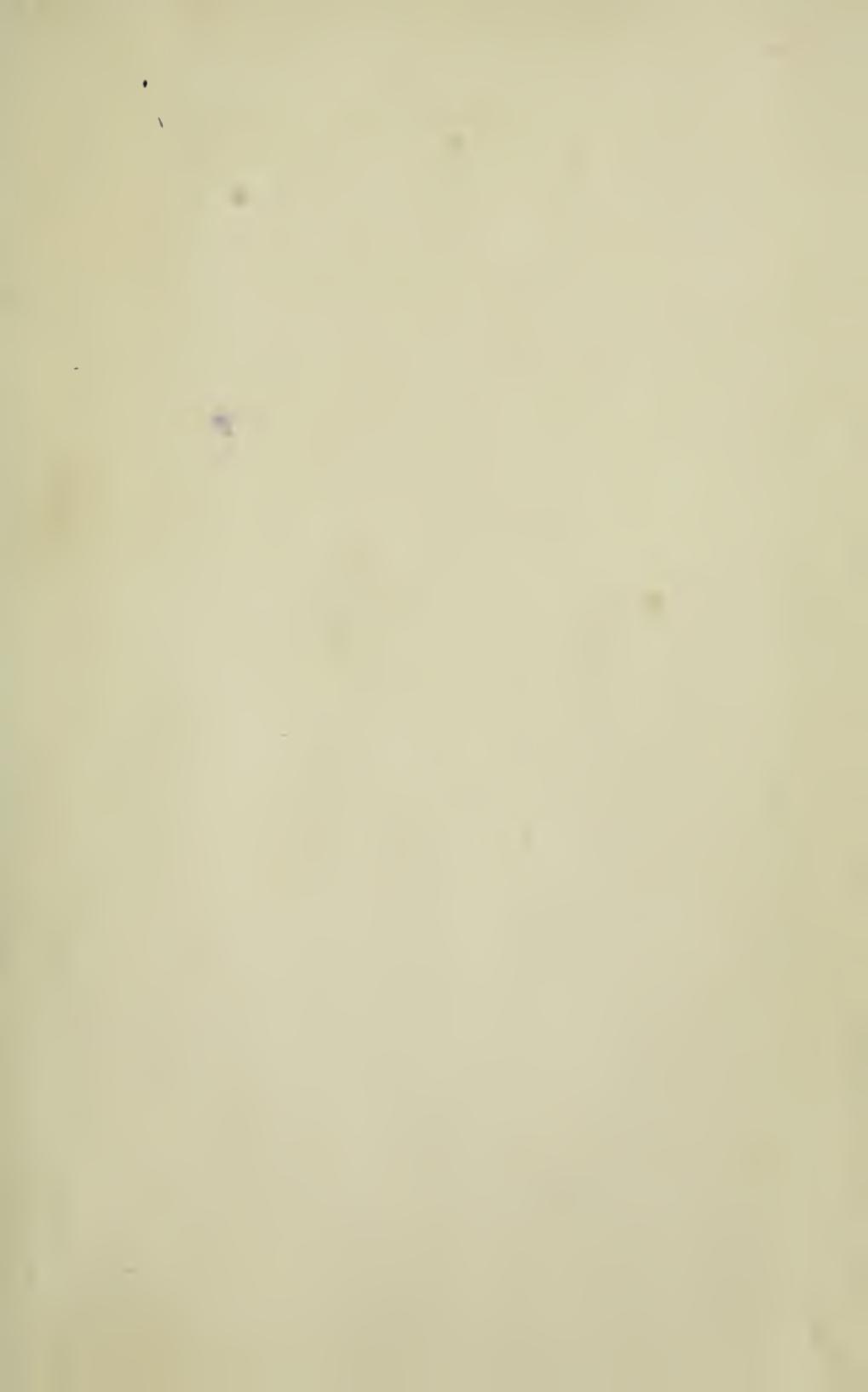


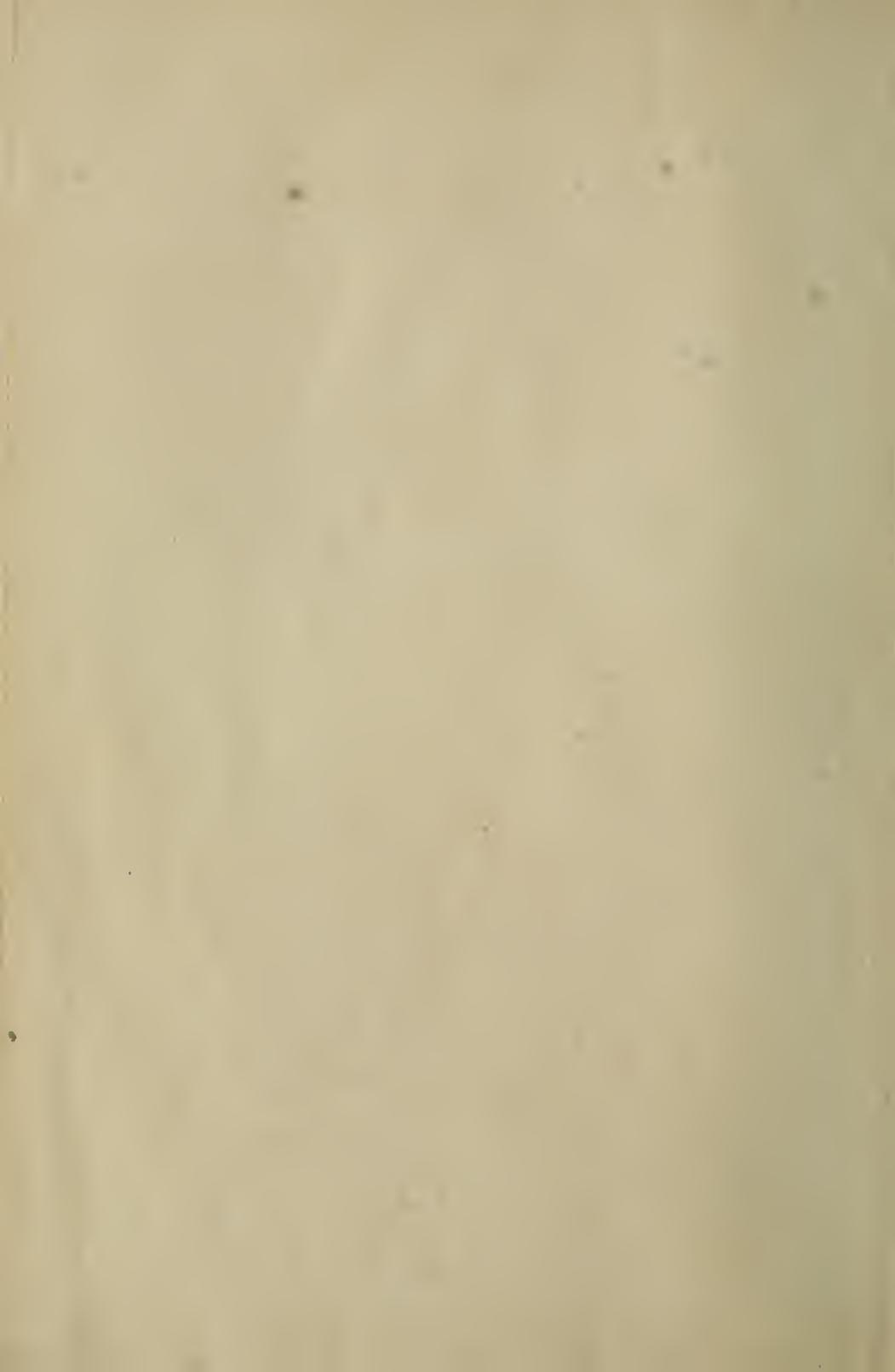
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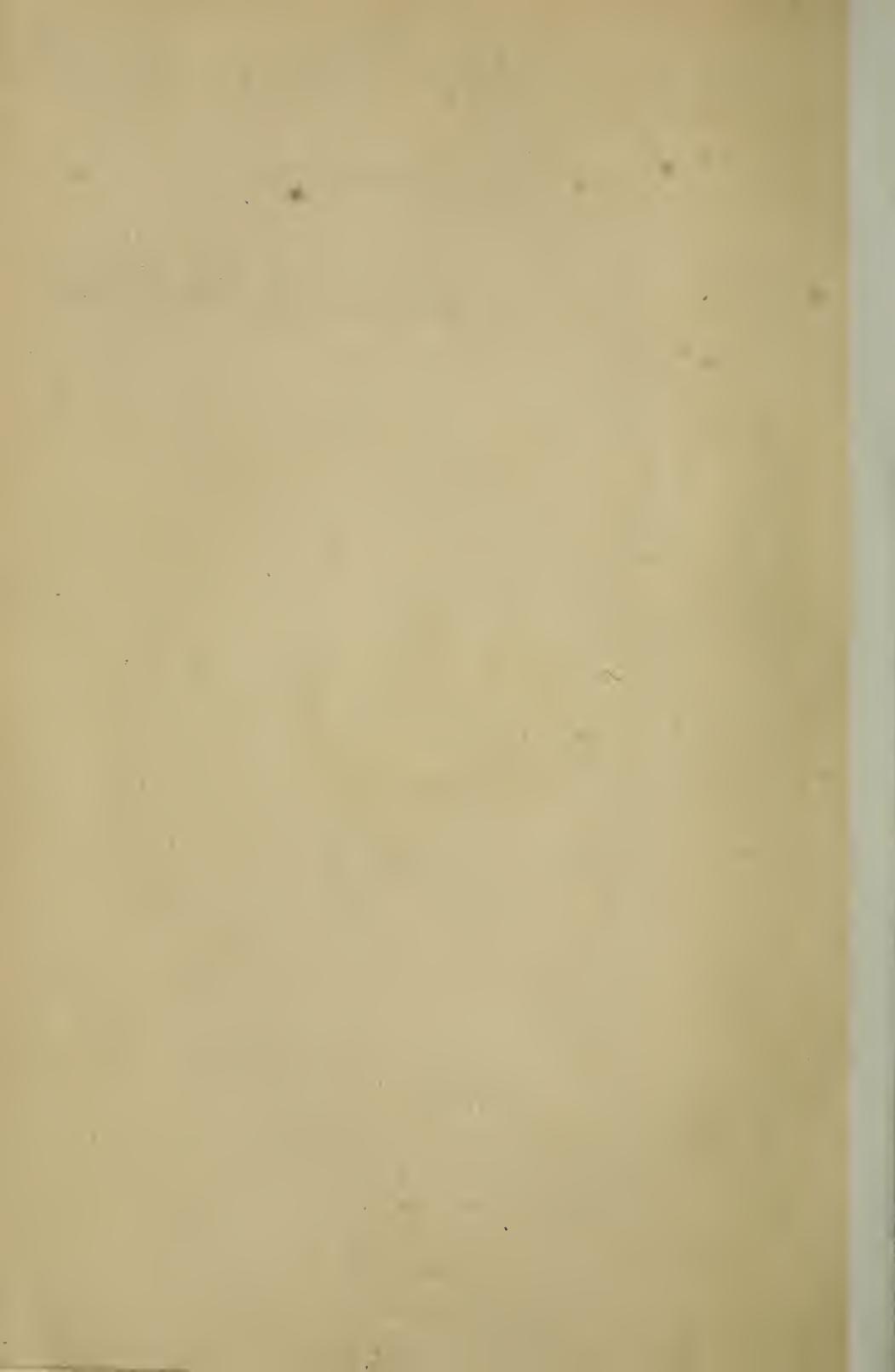




How We Won the Vote in California



By
Selina Solomons



How We Won the Vote in California

A True Story of the Campaign of 1911

By SELINA SOLOMONS

Ex-President Votes For Women Club of San Francisco
Author of "THE GIRL FROM COLORADO"



Cover Design by Elmer S. Wise

Published by
The New Woman Publishing Co.
773 Bay Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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*This is the sword in our hand, to fight for thy ultimate need;
This is the seal thou hast set, that we are thy daughters indeed!*
Mary Austin.

* * * * *

*Two Voices are there; one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains; each a mighty voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!*

Wordsworth.

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MISS SELINA SOLOMONS

Suffrage Reminiscences

The Brothers: "Have you not lifted up that veil of yours today?"

—Victor Hugo.

In this peerless dramatic poem is typified the martyrdom of woman in her struggle for freedom throughout the ages. When the sister confesses, "I loosed the swathing folds that bind me, to let soft airs of noonday in," and pleads piteously for pardon, the four brothers avenge *their own outraged honor by stabbing her to death!*

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, a small group of young professional women—teachers, writers, physicians—formed at the home of one of them the first suffrage club, as well as the first woman's club, in San Francisco. For, although at that time there was a state suffrage organization, and many bodies of women were at work in the cause of charity, the church, temperance, education—none of these went by the name of, or were in effect—a "club."

Mrs. Ellen Clark Sargent, the first president of the State association, and leader of suffrage in California, had, many years before, nobly upborne the banner of "woman's rights" with her husband, Senator Sargent, who was minister to Germany, even at the risk of loss of personal and official prestige in the conservative court circles.

It was at the home of Mrs. Sargent, during a visit to our city of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, soon after the birth of the Woman's Club of San Francisco, that the Century Club came into existence. In the effort to attain social success this club admitted to membership too large a number of merely fashionable women, and so swamped itself at the outset, and failed forever in the cherished purpose and aim of its founders.

Some years before, a small band of women reformers—too far ahead of their time—calling themselves the "Social Science Sisterhood," and making a heroic attempt to do the great things that are now being done, had been ridiculed out of existence!

This was *not* the fate of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association, formed by Emily Tracy Swett, daughter of the

noted educator, John Swett, whose early death was a distinct loss to us. That this organization still lives and flourishes is, however, nowise to the credit of certain newspaper "men about town."

An institution modeled on the one in Boston—the Women's Educational and Industrial Union—was also formed about this time, and, with its various committees, for protection and legal aid in the courts, classes and social entertainment for the workers, was doing a much-needed but uphill work. For the extreme democracy of its aims, in admitting all women, *without any discrimination whatsoever*, to its ranks, was not understood or approved of by the average mind in the community at that time.

The Public School Reform Association, a temporary one organized by Miss Millicent Shinn, then editor of the "Overland Monthly," had succeeded in securing the nomination on the Republican ticket of six women as School Directors. They received a large vote, but were defeated—we always believed "counted out." Though all the leaders were suffragists, they were compelled, from motives of "policy," to deny the wicked purpose of "getting women into politics."

The first open meeting of the Woman's Club of San Francisco was held at a leading hotel, and addressed by a prominent Unitarian divine, Dr. Horatio Stebbins. Mr. J. O'Hara Cosgrave, now editor of "Everybody's," was present to report the meeting in his society weekly, "The Wave." Yet, with such excellent social countenance for our club, members took the president aside, and begged that in her introductory remarks, she would not say anything about voting!"

This fear of lifting the veil too high was not surprising, in view of the state of public sentiment on the woman question. It was just about this time that forty prominent women of the W. C. T. U. had gone to the legislature to plead for protection for young girls. Appearing before the Committee on Public Morals, and stating that they represented fifty thousand women of California, the chairman sneeringly replied, in words which deserve to be handed down in the annals of our movement, "*Well, you are no more than fifty thousand mice!* How many votes can you deliver?" And the lawmakers all laughed heartily at the joke!

Further insult stabbed these good women "in the side" when this "brother," charged with the moral welfare of a great commonwealth, though a man of vile personal character, bade

them "Go home, and look after your own girls. *They may be walking the streets for all you know!*"

A little later, it was learned by the Woman's Club of San Francisco, that its courage in placing an equal suffrage clause in the constitution was to exclude it from membership in the National Federation of Clubs, then just being organized.

Following the World's Fair in Chicago, and stimulated by the wonderful congress held there in our cause, and the establishment of the International Council of Women, three congresses were held in San Francisco, on successive years, and did much to work up public sentiment for the campaign of 1896, although suffrage was a tabooed subject on its program.

Susan B. Anthony and Anna Howard Shaw campaigned the State for us in 1896, doing a wonderful work and winning thousands for the cause. But the masses of the people in the cities were still in a state of deadly apathy.

The writer at that time personally canvassed two San Francisco precincts—one her own, inhabited by an intelligent, well-to-do class, mostly Americans: the other in the "South of Market" region of poor working people, largely of German and Irish extraction.

The same arguments against the amendment, when its meaning was explained to them, were made by the men—when they could be found—and by the women of both these localities, except that in the latter the arguments were not couched in as correct English. Quite a number of women in my own neighborhood, innocently confessed their complete ignorance of the amendment, and of the opinions of their husbands concerning it. But they informed me, as though this would be a great relief to my feelings, that they "knew he was for McKinley!"

There was little or no active opposition to encounter during this campaign, as it seemed. So we took advice given us as to not fighting our enemies—the liquor and other interests—in the open, and "letting sleeping dogs lie!" But the sequel proved that these watch dogs of privilege had been sleeping with one eye open. Instead of barking they were getting all ready to bite, and on election day they bit!

The amendment was lost by about thirteen thousand votes; for, although we had a good majority in the southern part of the State, and throughout the country districts, the total against us was as three to one in San Francisco and Oakland. This adverse vote came about equally from the "upper and lower slums" of these cities.

The evidence of this, obtained by the writer at first hand by going over the records at the City Hall, was conclusive and overwhelming. The total vote in the "North of Market" precincts gave the same proportion against us—three to one—as in the despised "South of Market" precincts. It was *not* the "ignorant and the foreign vote" that had undone us!

Discouraged by the defeat, and believing that indirect agitation and education of women for the ballot was the best way to work, the members of the Forty-First District Suffrage Club, with a number of other women more or less interested in public affairs, formed the California Club.

During the fifteen years of its life this club has achieved much in reform legislation and civic affairs, by reason of its social influence, and the ability of its leaders, notably Mrs. Lovell White, who has been three times its President, and is one of the most remarkable women in the State.

But those who temperamentally and on principle prefer "direct action" grew impatient at such slow progress in obtaining the ballot—that great weapon with which to fight corruption in the commonwealth and nation.

Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin, leading member of the California Club, and Chairman of its Civic Section, was one of these impatient ones. And she gave the next decided impetus to our movement by founding and presiding over the Equal Suffrage League of San Francisco, which held its meetings in a downtown hall, with a big bulletin board set conspicuously in front, announcing them, and attracting many strangers.

Thus there wandered in one day Mrs. Katharine Reed Balentine, daughter of Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, Speaker of Congress, whose husband, an army officer, was stationed at the Presidio. Participating in the meeting, and permitting herself to be appointed on the literature committee, she modestly withheld her identity until it was discovered by accident.

Our meetings took place on alternate Wednesdays, and one of them was due April 18, 1906. But when that day dawned, "the Lord in the earthquake had spoken;" the sun "rose red behind the Ferry tower," and we failed to meet! Golden Gate Hall went up in flames, along with the greater portion of the works of man in our city, and for several days thereafter we scarcely knew or cared whether we should ever meet again in this world.

However, we did meet two weeks later—the remnant of us that had not fled from the stricken city—beside the real Golden

Gate that fire and earthquake could not touch, at the cottage of the Balentines, in the beautiful Presidio reservation, near the site of our Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915. Later we gathered in church parlors, and at the time of Mrs. Ellen Sargent, in the "unburned district."

When, soon after, the Executive Board of the California Equal Suffrage Association appointed Mrs. Coffin chairman of a state central committee, to have in charge the political part of our work, Mrs. Balentine served as its secretary. She was an invaluable worker, having been trained, as her father's helper, in the old-fashioned school of statesmanship.

A young woman of exceeding loveliness of person and character, her somewhat heavy but softly-moulded form and features, made an impression of power remarkably blended with the delicacy, grace and charm of her voice and manner—gifts of a mother from the South.

Besides her other services to our cause, Mrs. Balentine edited and published, at her own expense, the first suffrage paper on the Pacific coast, which she called "The Yellow Ribbon." To our great regret, she was obliged to leave us some months later, by order of the United States government.

But she still persevered in her efforts to help the cause. Obtaining an interview with President Roosevelt, who had been an intimate associate of her father, she asked him to interest himself in the question of equal suffrage. While admitting that this question was looming large on the political horizon, he pleaded that "public sentiment was not yet strong enough" for him to do anything.

However, in answer to this, she urged it as his duty and privilege, by virtue of the great trust reposed in him by the American people, to throw the weight of his high office as Chief Executive of the nation into the scale, for the furtherance of this sentiment.

Another fast friend and ardent helper at this time of our need was Albert S. Johnson, brother of the present Governor of California, who was a member of the men's auxiliary of the League. But in the fullness and perfection of manhood, he was snatched from us, and from a world where he was so sorely needed, by the ruthless hand of death.

The movement now began to gain likewise in social prestige. At the suggestion of Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, who had paid us a visit, the first suffrage banquet—and I believe the first banquet ever given by women in San Francisco—was held at

Thanksgiving time, under the auspices of the Equal Suffrage League.

It proved such a success that the following year another was given at the Hotel Fairmont. This was attended by over one hundred men and women, leaders in every walk of life. Toasts to "Our Country, a Demi-Democracy," "California, the Next Free State," etc., were given by both men and women speakers, a toast mistress being a decided innovation.

About this time a local branch of the College and Professional Women's Equal Suffrage League was formed by Mrs. Mabel Craft Deering and others. It held large meetings, open to the public, with addresses by Mrs. Maud Wood Park, of Boston, and many of the college professors, and accomplished, during the next two years, a fine work in its limited field, establishing chapters among the girls in both universities.

The so-called "graft prosecution" was at this time monopolizing a large share of attention, and many of the most public-spirited women of our community were diverted from suffrage effort. A woman's branch of the League of Justice had been formed, whose members proudly displayed their badge, "Equality Before the Law," and were intensely in earnest regarding their propaganda for the conviction of the "higher-ups."

But we felt that "equality before the law" should mean "votes for women," and that the word "suffrage" should have been inserted before "branch." With only "indirect influence" we were still "no more than fifty thousand mice!"

Without the Portal

"Room, sirs, room within your councils; bare your forehead if you can,

For behold, without your portal, stands the mother of the man!"'

—Hall Caine.

Franklin Hitchborn, a San Francisco newspaper man, has written the long story of the California legislatures of 1909 and 1911. Ours is a short story of three legislatures, including the one of 1907, and it begins the year before, after the earthquake and fire, when our State Central Committee, under Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin, began its work of securing votes for the women of California.

This work was begun at Santa Cruz, where the State Republican convention was held, and where, at the same time, the so-called "insurgent movement" in California was born. Abraham Ruef, who is now paying the penalty of his wrongdoing—and that of others—in State's prison, was then at the height of his power as "boss" of the Republican "machine," and completely controlled this convention.

Ex-Governor Gillett was then a candidate for the highest office in the State. He approached Mrs. Coffin one day on the beach. "I am James W. Gillett," he said, introducing himself to her. "I know who you are, and what brings you down here. I wish to tell you that I am in sympathy with that object, and should I be elected Governor, will do all in my power to help you in getting your measure through."

The attempt to have the suffrage amendment made part of the platform by the usual procedure of getting it reported favorably by the Resolutions Committee failed at Santa Cruz, as was to have been expected. But we secured the endorsement of the Democrats at their State convention.

When the legislature met, early in 1907, Mrs. Coffin went up to Sacramento, accompanied by Mrs. Helen Moore and Hon. Thomas E. Hayden, whose services had been retained by the State Association. At this first of the three legislatures, we

succeeded in getting "the spectacular vote," which we had been getting ever since our defeat in '96. This meant that suffrage was not yet really an issue.

As none of the lawmakers believed that his party or personal interests could be served in any way by our success, neither ourselves nor our measure was taken seriously. But we were "nice ladies," said Mrs. Coffin, and had to be pleased, so these polite statesmen administered to us from time to time doses of "soothing syrup" of their own special legislative brand, *not* guaranteed by the pure food and drugs act!

This was the way they did it.

Grove L. Johnson introduced the bill in the Assembly, and Senator Leroy A. Wright in the Upper House. Later on the same day, in both houses, it was lost, and only saved from final defeat by reconsideration. In the Senate it had been printed, "accidentally," on another man's file, and was thus "sprung" suddenly on the House. The roll call was then taken, without a chance to debate, while our lobby was busy in the Lower House, and lost by a large majority. Senator Wright, with great presence of mind, moved for reconsideration.

Later it was won in the Lower House, Grove L. Johnson, with reluctance, moving for reconsideration there. But this victory meant nothing, as the solons had *slated us for slaughter* in the Senate. It was allowed to pass in the Lower House as the final sedative which was to quiet us for the time being.

After the success in the Assembly the fight was resumed in the Senate, and lasted until the end of the session. The gentlemanly legislators tried their best to get rid of us decently, but the lobby hung on "like leeches" it was said, purposely delaying having the measure brought to a vote, so as to have a better chance to carry it, as they thought, until it dawned on them that as fast as one vote was gained another was lost.

The cause of this strange phenomenon of "statecraft" developed later.

Mrs. Coffin then called on Governor Gillett in his private office in the capitol building, to reassure herself as to his support of the bill, according to promise. The gentleman, without asking her to be seated, looked up at her insolently as he leaned back in his elegant arm chair. In a voice loud enough to be heard by all the men loungers outside, he declared his antagonism to the suffrage measure, and advised Mrs. Coffin herself to "go back home," where she belonged!

When reminded by that lady of the interview at Santa Cruz, and his voluntary pledge made there witnessed by Mrs. Mary Simpson Sperry, president of the State Association, and recorded in the minutes of the report to that body by the committee, the Chief Executive of the great State of California sneeringly replied, "O, I was only fooling."

Realizing that in view of this little temperamental weakness of the Governor with reference to suffrage pledges, further effort would be simply a waste of time, the lobby secured a call of the House, and went down to defeat, lacking but two votes!

These two, however, constituted the spectacle which had been rehearsing for our benefit during the entire session. In accordance with our former role in the council halls, these "misrepresentatives" had been making us victims of the "cat-and-mouse" game, and had also been playing another amongst themselves—that of "puss in the corner." For, in plainer language, they had been "switching votes" in such a manner that the measure was always kept below the passing point.

Again, in 1908, the State Central Committee tried to have the amendment introduced into the political platforms. And again it succeeded with the Democrats, and failed in the Republican convention. This was held in the city of Oakland, and there we had the first and only suffrage parade in California.

We marched to the hall on the first day of the convention, three hundred strong, with Mrs. Coffin at our head. A most beautiful banner, hand embroidered, in rich-colored silks, with the shield of California, and its appropriate emblem, for us, of the woman "Eureka," was carried by Mrs. Theodore Pinther, who had donated her work of months to the State Central Committee. Vehicles were halted, and the inhabitants gazed open-mouthed at so unusual a sight.

This time we were given a hearing in the Resolutions Committee, which treated us with consideration, two minutes of time being allotted to each of the eight speakers. However, we were not permitted to know the result, but were kept in suspense until the very last moment of the convention.

Meanwhile, this body had been putting through its program—and killing time for three days—with high-flown and long-winded addresses to the gallery—which was us—padded out with platitudes and trite poetical similes such as "sun-kissed southlands and snow-clad summits." sentiment and fancy predominating and facts nowhere; lauding to the skies as saints and

heroes men who had done nothing whatever for the common good!

When, just before adjournment, the report was read, showing that our bill had been lost "in committee," the chairman, as though to "sop" our disappointment, but with a tinge of irony in his tone, called for "a vote of thanks to the ladies," for their attendance and interest in the convention.

The syrupy compliment had its effect in "soothing" us California women into a state of partial paralysis! Not so Mrs. Pease, of Utah, a visitor and voter. With great presence of mind, she advanced down the gallery steps, and with arm outstretched for silence, in a big, resonant voice that matched her portly presence, called out, "In the name of the women of California, I beg to decline your vote of thanks!"

Paralyzed in their turn by this unexpected "nerve" shown by one of "the ladies" were the gentlemen of the convention of the floor below, while the gallery resounded with the wild applause of the "women."

The result of all this was that when the legislature of 1909 convened, the suffrage amendment found itself a half-orphan! No man cared to father it, for those who were making an honest fight for other reform measures felt that they would endanger these by so doing. Those opposed to us, on the other hand, realized that we could no longer be "fooled" by the "spectacular vote."

This time Mrs. Coffin had taken a big lobby up to the capital, opening up home-like headquarters under the care of a house-mother, Mrs. L. Campbell, of that city. A large number of women from "around the bay" came up in relays, remaining for a few days, and having their places taken by others. It was a fair primary education for them in the tactics used in our State council halls, where man, according to Kipling, gathers to confer with his fellow-braves and uplift his erring hands in worship to abstract justice.

From the first it was evident we had no chance to win. The insurgents, of whom Assemblyman Drew was the leader, had failed to secure any part of the "organization," being left out of all important committees, and therefore completely on the outside. A special ruling was made that no lobby should be permitted on the floor of the Assembly. It was aimed particularly at the women, and during the entire session they were never permitted to be present.

Some of the legislators tried to sidetrack our movement by promising to support a bill for municipal suffrage, if we would modify our demand to this extent. But the subject had long since been thoroughly thrashed out at our own councils, where we invoked that God of Abstract Justice, and decided that in His name we would insist on the whole loaf of political equality or no suffrage bread at all.

The anti-racetrack bill came up just before ours. It was a bitter fight to get this bill through, and when it passed the full venom of the vicious element that feared the women's vote was poured out on us and on our bill. The day it came up the floors and galleries were so packed with disreputable men that there was no room for the women!

In Mr. Hitchborn's book it is shown that this legislature was even more machine-ridden and corrupt than the previous one had been. It did not scruple to resort to ostracism, intimidation and blackmail to gain its ends. Many were the tragedies enacted among the men themselves; friendships of years broken, and all considerations of honor and sentiment that make human lives holy, trampled under foot.

Thus the women fared little better, or little worse, and as their sister of the Orient, were many times "wounded in the side" by brutal stabs. One "brother," in the course of his insulting tirade, declared that "the majority of women are bad." During the recess he was disciplined, with the result that at the afternoon session he rose, and asked for special permission to speak again, so as to retract his statement.

A splendid effort of five weeks had been made, led by our gallant captain, Mrs. Coffin. Then orders were sent out from the "powers that be" to "turn those women down hard, and send them home. *And let them know they were turned down!*" Every vote that could possibly be influenced was taken from us, and the result was a most crushing defeat.

But this defeat had its advantages. It was a true showing of the sentiments of the honorable body of lawmakers, and we knew now just where we stood. Moreover, it was the costliest victory ever won by the opposition. For Mrs. Coffin, in pursuance of her policy, had forced them to abandon their neutral position, come out from under cover, and line up as enemies of our cause.

Every woman of that lobby went forth as a suffrage missionary. Mrs. Coffin and Mrs. Moore campaigning the State, and telling everywhere of the corruption in the legislature. At

the next convention of the State Association, in the city of Stockton, Mrs. Coffin told for the first time the story of the treachery of James W. Gillett.

The story was taken up by the press, and caused a sensation. Not because of the selling out of the women, for that, alas, was nothing unusual! But that a woman should have the courage to come out on the public platform and tell of it—that was the astonishing thing!

Mrs. Coffin's motive was not a personal one. She wished to have the women who had been sold out, as well as the corrupt politicians, realize that no man, even though he sat in the seat of the mightiest in the commonwealth, could with impunity betray us! *James W. Gillett was not renominated!*

In the Republican convention of 1910 we were at last successful in getting our resolution into the party platform. For by this time insurgency, which was always favorable to us, had become strong enough to control the convention. The Los Angeles delegation was composed largely of progressives; likewise Santa Clara county, and these two together outnumbered San Francisco, which had lost in its voting population since the great earthquake and fire. We had the men whom we had worked with for five years as a mighty bulwark for the support of our resolution.

This year, however, we did *not* get the Democratic convention endorsement. The reason for this apparent anomaly was simple. The "machine" forces which had heretofore dominated the Republican conventions now concentrated its strength on the Democratic platform. And the "machine" was now, as it had always been, opposed to equal rights.

When, in 1911, our lobby arrived at the capital, it was joined by a delegation of "antis," who for the first time had organized, and were lobbying, in California. The contest between these opposing forces among the women themselves afforded much amusement to the press of the city. Our measure was always referred to as the "militant issue of woman suffrage," as it occasioned more interest and excitement than all the rest put together.

The large suffrage lobby was led by Mrs. Coffin, chairman of the Legislative Committee, and actively aided by Mrs. Arthur W. Cornwall, Mrs. Agnes Ray, Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson, Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, Mrs. Mary T. Gamage, Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding, Miss Maud Younger, Mrs. Louise La Rue, and many other prominent suffragists from organizations all over the State.



MRS. LILLIAN HARRIS COFFIN



The good looks, handsome gowns and "feminine tactics" of these ladies were noted by the papers as being in marked contrast with the "old-time shriekers for the ballot!" These young men reporters had never laid eyes on one of the noble women pioneers whom they thus designated, but their comments were interesting as proof that we *had* "arrived!"

Many efforts were made to cloud the issue. Senator Sanford, our notorious enemy, introduced a bill which would refer the question to the women of the State at a special election. Although clearly unconstitutional, this bill was in a fair way to carry, when it was defeated by the clever tactics of Senator Julliard.

Governor Johnson kept the promise made during his campaign, and although many of the members tried to wriggle out of supporting the amendment, declaring that they were not bound by the party platform, he used his influence to prevent them from throwing the suffrage plank overboard.

Governor Johnson's platform was meant to stand on, and he stood on it, and held the others there, until the suffrage plank was carried.

Senator Bell, of Pasadena, proposed our amendment, pledging his best efforts to secure its passage, and never did public servant more honorably fulfill his trust! Through five weeks of unceasing toil he faithfully guarded our interests.

Likewise to Lieutenant-Governor Wallace, and to Hon. Frank C. Jordan, Secretary of State, we were deeply indebted for the great success of our amendment. It came to vote on January 26, the debate being led by Senator Lee Gates, noted orator from the South, and carried with the sweeping victory of thirty-three to five!

It was then substituted, as a Senate measure, for the Assembly bill introduced in the Lower House by Assemblyman Catell, who was Speaker pro tem., and in him we found the same whole-souled loyalty that Senator Bell had given us. With the active assistance of Speaker Hewitt, we repeated the same splendid majority in the Senate, the vote there being sixty-five to twelve. The progressives had redeemed their pledge!

The amendment gave an extraordinary impetus to Sacramento journalism. It was said that floods of oratory had carried it to victory on an "insurgent wave." This flood it seemed was quite literal with regard to one Senator, who was said to have "wept at his own eloquence." The small minorities tickled the press. "Five poor, quaking Senators, with faltering voices, and

hearts beating like trip hammers, voted ‘no.’ ” “Only a dozen in the brute class,” these comments read.

The Record called “Votes for Women” the “three small words which constitute the biggest question in the political world today.” The editor was willing to take his chances on being put “down cellar,” the place of mere man, according to the “antis,” under the new order of things. However, it added, “as woman’s day dawns through the mists, it becomes only too evident that under this new order it will be *man’s wash day!*”

—The lawmakers themselves contributed to the gaiety of the population. McDonald, of San Francisco, asked the Speaker, plaintively, whether he believed there were “fifty-four men in that Assembly weak enough to be ‘led around by the nose’ by women!” Schmitt, of the same city, deplored “placing the commonwealth in the hands of women, and feared for “those institutions which *we* (Schmitt & Co.) have built up and maintained all these centuries!”

One might imagine that the commonwealth and its institutions were in the nature of a delicate gold watch which the rash and playful sex were likely, in a fit of sportive abandon, to smash to smithereens upon the rock-bound coast of California.

His high opinion of women also induced Mr. Schmitt to warn them of the law compelling them, in the event of their becoming voters, to give their true ages (which law has since been abrogated by the men themselves) and said that the amendment should be called “an act to promote perjury.”

A much higher opinion of our sex, and a lower one of his own, was seemingly entertained by Mr. Curtin, who stated that he and the rest desired, out of their “great love for women, to keep the ballot from them, lest they be regarded as men regard men!”

It was this Senator who had propounded the famous conundrum: “Why is a political platform like that of a railway train? Because both are meant to get in on, but not to stand on!”

But it was March, of Sacramento, who perpetrated the best bit of self-satire. Lamenting that “these women want to drag the white skirts of their sisters through the dirty political pool,” he ended most pathetically, “when I said something to them about the sacredness of home, and woman’s high pedestal, they replied that they did not want to hear about such things!”

But now we could well afford to smile at all this. For the first time in sixteen years the “mothers of men” in our State

had been heard in their plea that these men should decide whether they should forever remain "without the portal," or be given "room within the councils."

Great rejoicings marked the event. A large banquet was held in the South, at which all our "insurgents" and true progressives and representatives were present. The Suffrage Amendment League of Oakland gave a luncheon at the finest hotel, on the auspicious date of Susan B. Anthony's birthday, and the great work accomplished by Mrs. Lilian Harris Coffin was acknowledged by the gift of a silver loving cup!

Before the Battle

"We who lead in this movement today are not new. We are of the race of women whose priestesses had their shrines in German forests, and gave out the oracle of peace or war. The old spirit stirs within us yet; the cry of the old, free, Northern woman makes the world today. In our dreams we still hear the clash of the shields of our forebears, as they struck them together before battle, and raised the shout of Freedom!"

Olive Shreiner.

Thanks to our brave sisters across the sea, in that island where first among modern nations the spirit of liberty was born, the magic words "Votes For Women" had gone around the world with an electric shock and thrill. It seemed the psychological moment for our movement in California.

The Votes-For-Women Club of San Francisco was the outgrowth of the need of agitation among that large class of self-supporting women heretofore hardly approached. The attempt of the Equal Suffrage League to have the Women's Trades-Unions, of which there existed three independent ones, affiliated with us, had fallen through.

Early in the year 1910, a large loft was secured in the choicest portion of the retail shopping district, at 315 Sutter Street. Here headquarters were fitted up, with rest and reading-room, leaving a large space for the refreshment of the inner woman, with a tiny kitchenette at the lower end.

A tempting and nourishing luncheon was served, with all dishes except the meats, and including such delicacies as French artichokes and mayonnaise, for five cents. Most of the girls spent but fifteen cents on their lunch. It was served on the "buffet plan," the patrons helping themselves from the large tables and sideboard, as at an English country-house breakfast.

During the year three different sets of cards were printed and circulated in all the stores and offices for a radius of several blocks. We attracted by this means a very superior

class of the women workers, who greatly enjoyed the freedom and social atmosphere of the place. Some were already ardent suffragists, but had never been, or known how to be, affiliated with the movement.

Others were easily won over to the cause, when coming into personal contact with our workers. But there was the "rub"; for the home-keeping class of women found it hard to "chop" the two or three hours out of the middle of the day, to give us. Many of the girls came from a distance, had but a few moments to eat their "quick lunch," and had to be caught "on the fly," as it were.

All help was voluntary, with the exception of the cooking, dish-washing and janitor work. We had no endowment, and, naturally, there was no profit in serving the luncheon; for, though the cost of living continued steadily to soar, our prices did *not* rise with it.

A goodly supply of suffrage literature found its way to our reading-table, and was judiciously distributed to the girls. The walls were decorated with English posters, which proved highly attractive, holding them spell-bound, as soon as meeting their gaze. A beautiful plaster cast of Susan B. Anthony was presented by Mrs. Ellen Sargent to the club.

A Men's Auxiliary was formed, the members of which paid any sum they pleased into the treasury. Men of all classes joined this auxiliary. Dues for women members were three dollars a year. Deserving of special mention for loyalty to the unfashionable aims of the club, for active help in its work, and moral and financial support, were Mrs. Mary McHenry Keith, Mr. Raphael Weill, Mr. L. E. Blochman, Mrs. Ettie Blum, Mrs. Alice Park, Miss Laura Musto, Miss Florence Musto, Miss Margaret Nicolls, Mrs. Geneva Wale, Mrs. Lavina De Rackin, Miss Ray Wolfsohn, Miss Clara Trouette, Mrs. Hanna Otis Brun, Mrs. Mary Gottlieb, Mrs. Laura Smith, Mrs. Bessie Carpenter, Miss Mary Leigh, Dr. Alice Woods, Mr. Gustave Lenoir, Mrs. Otto Irving Wise, Mrs. Ella Costillo Bennett, Nathan Dohrman & Co. We had the honor of claiming Mrs. Bora S. Crittenden, of San Francisco, only survivor of the Seneca Falls Convention, on our honorary membership list.

We opened on that happy day for us, February 15th, celebrating both birthdays with a "Yellow Tea," held afternoon and evening. Distinguished strangers from all over the world were attracted by our handsome gilt sign at the entrance to

the building, as well as reformers and progressives of our own community, who made the club-rooms their rendezvous.

Will Irwin, the writer, was captured on a flying visit to his home city, and gave a strong talk to the business girls at the noon hour. Miss Agnes Murphy and Miss Aimee Moore, two charming English suffragettes, were guests at an open meeting and tea in their honor, Miss Murphy relating her own personal experiences in the movement.

Mrs. Emily Hope, of Australia, president of the Woman's National League, entertained us with a delightful discussion on political conditions in her own country, which showed her to be a perfect mistress of her subject. Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, of New York, and many others, came to the club-rooms and expressed their great interest in its unique work.

Many entertainments were given by the Club for the purpose of publicity, and to help in the funds. A Human Flower Show proved, as we had claimed, that the offspring of suffrage women were the finest in the community. A Suffrage Bazaar, the first in California, was held just before the Christmas holidays. One interesting feature of this was an exhibit of revolutionary relics and family heirlooms, all owned by our suffragists who thus proved that they had come lawfully by their freedom-loving instincts!

In the fall a Congress was held, at which the burning questions of the day were discussed by the best local speakers, both men and women, all treated in their relation to equal suffrage. "How the Vote Was Won" was performed for the benefit of the Votes-For-Women Club by the Girls' Club, a large social settlement of San Francisco.

The press of the city gave us columns of space for these affairs, whether because, as one of the women reporters confided to us, our doings were "newsy stuff," or because "votes for women" was now an interesting issue with the public. A full-page article in the Bulletin by a special writer nearly "swamped" the lunch-room.

The celebrated census of 1910 being taken in the early days of our existence as a club, we decided to make a protest against it. On consulting with our attorneys, all pronounced it without doubt unconstitutional. The threat to punish as a crime the refusal to submit to this inquisition into our private affairs struck us as most arbitrary and un-American in spirit.

So the officers of the club refused to sign, and held out until the officials had paid repeated visits to our headquarters to plead and remonstrate. They asked which of the questions we objected to, and it seemed difficult to impress upon them that it was the principle we objected to, and not the questions!

Meanwhile the matter had been well ventilated in the press, and scores of women declared they would have followed our example, had we held out. The officials, doubtless, were well aware of this danger, and their anxiety on this score was much deeper than their concern as to the possible deafness of our grandmothers, etc.!

Had we not had a more immediate and important purpose to fulfill, we should *not* have surrendered, which action on our part might have led to a test in the courts, and results of national importance.

Another mild militant maneuver was planned when we found that a huge placard had been placed over the entrance to the remains of our City Hall, which read, "All Citizens Must Register." With malice aforethought we "gave away" our intention to the press on the evening before!

Arrived on the scene, our small brigade found a regiment of police lining the long flight of steps, while on the sidewalk in front was a goodly gathering of reporters with their cameras, and other onlookers. Soon it was noised about that the Registrar had fled by a back street to escape us. But his deputy was in the office, so we filed upstairs.

Here we found the young man all ready for us, and in answer to our request to be registered, in accordance with the sign, he produced a copy of the code of California, and read to us the clause containing the objectionable word which we intended taking steps to eliminate.

We informed him of our knowledge on this point, but insisted that the sign should be changed to read correctly, and the word male inserted there, as in the code. Moreover, we desired by this means to know definitely, whether or not we were citizens, a point which we confessed had always bothered us!

By this time the place was filled by a crowd of about one hundred "bums" and loafers, who listened with all their ears, the broad grins on their countenances soon changing to respectful attention; and after delivering a good suffrage lecture to

this impromptu audience, with a few minor symposiums on the side, we left, well satisfied with our little "suffragette stunt."

The need of the ballot in the hands of the women of the community in bettering conditions, more especially in regard to "the social evil," was amply proven by the Votes-For-Women Club in the course of its career. A petition signed by hundreds of business men to the Mayor had resulted in establishing a number of cafe-dives in what was called the "New Tenderloin."

Within a few blocks of our club-rooms, and immediately adjoining the municipal courts, the infamous men for whom the English language has no name, were watching like wolves for the underpaid and underfed working-girls at the noon and dinner hour.

Daily and almost hourly true tales were told us in confidence by our own girls of insults offered to themselves or their companions by department store managers, or pretended employers advertising in the papers for "stenographers." A flagrant instance of this latter method was a flourishing firm of "agents" occupying offices in the Pacific Building.

All particulars and details of these deplorable conditions were furnished us, yet we could do nothing, for many reasons. Scarcely a day passed that the papers did not chronicle the case of "one more unfortunate." And the cases that were never chronicled—!

One of these, that recalls Hood's poem in almost every line, was that of a Swedish immigrant, "young and fair," scarcely able to speak our language, who, while searching for a place as domestic servant, had been approached by a strange man, who offered to help her.

She was led to a cheap eating-house, drugged, and the next thing she knew, awakened in a low lodging-house in "Barbary Coast." Her "pure womanly" instincts revolting at "the stain of her," she managed to escape, and wandered where the "lamps quiver" on the fronts of the houses of sin, and on the ferry-boats in the harbor.

Faint and "weary of breath," "homeless by night," and meeting only with renewed offers of "help" of which she now knew the awful mockery, she dragged herself to the top of Telegraph Hill, and "swift to be hurled anywhere, anywhere out of the world," pitched headlong into the night!

But her dress caught on a bramble growing from a projecting ledge. She was "taken up tenderly" by a patrolman, and in the public hospital, on recovery, told to the attendants her "pitiful" and tragic tale.

Another failure in self-destruction was the occasion of giving to the world a story hardly less heart-rending. A country girl had been lured from her home some years before by one of these male monsters "of the species." At a low resort frequented by their class one night she met *her young sister of sixteen*, who had been taken—a second lamb from the fold—by this same wolf.

She sought out the creature and upbraided him with his dastardly deed; but he only mocked at and taunted her. The limit of human endurance was reached. Her own horrid fate she had learned to face with dull resignation. But black despair clutched the heart that still beat in her breast at the thought of the younger girl—her own flesh and blood—and alone again in her wretched lodging, *she placed a pistol to her temple!*

The Votes-For-Women Club of San Francisco sent out a call to all the women's organizations in the city, for delegates to form a "Woman's Committee of Protection," to take aggressive action for the abatement of this terrible evil. It met with a most hearty response, the "Native Daughters of the Golden West," for instance, offering delegates from every one of their twenty-seven local parlors.

Mrs. Rose M. French, who had been engaged in social service for a quarter of a century in San Francisco, was Chairman of this Committee, which was to be an independent body, with full powers to act, and with the weight of all the organizations represented, behind it. Mrs. French had been among the band of women from the W. C. T. U., who many years before had been informed by the Chairman of the Public Morals Committee of the legislature that the women of California were "no more than mice."

In the way of her work for women and girls, Mrs. French had served for several years as special police officer, without pay; she had founded the California Training Home for Girls, and her wide experience and knowledge of the law, and the procedure of the courts, made her the best fitted of all the women of the community to undertake the delicate and difficult work planned by this Committee.

A number of meetings were held, with "closed doors," and most interesting revelations were made as to the shocking state of affairs, and the great need of such an organization. Sub-committees were appointed, and active work in the courts begun, when the nearness of the campaign for the Amendment obliged us to discontinue.

An incident that occurred during this year was highly significant as showing the trend of the times. Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the man who is called the "owner of America," by virtue of his enormous and inconceivable wealth, in the course of a flying visit to the city, arranged with one or two of the leaders of the working-women to hold an informal meeting at the Palace Hotel. Uniformed guards were stationed at the entrance to the hall, and admitted none but unionized working-girls, and these few leaders. Reporters, to their utter disgust, could get no further than the red plush couches in the corridor.

After two or three short talks by men labor leaders, urging the formation of a Women's Trades Union Label League, Miss Morgan gathered the girls about her, while the rest of us stood in the background, and questioned them minutely as to the conditions of their employment, the factory legislation in California, etc.

It was a sight to fill the heart of a "visionary" and social "crank" with joy. This American Princess—not of dollars alone, but of beauty, intellect and soul—glanced from one to the other of the foreign-born toilers, whose squat and stunted figures were clad in shabby clothing, with the most genuine interest, in her kindly hazel eyes.

They, on their part, seemed to bridge at one stride on the plank of a common humanity, which she threw to them, the social gulf that yawned between.

The "swell society" women of San Francisco, "Blingham" and Belvedere would doubtless have been "dee-lighted" to have entertained the heiress at a series of "functions." But they were not given the opportunity, for next day she had vanished from our midst.

The Votes-For-Women Club of San Franiesco had by the time of the passage of the amendment, as the result of its year of work, enlisted the support of a very large number of the wage-earners and self-supporting women of San Francisco, who

were carrying the gospel of suffrage into their business offices,
often converting their employers.

Truly we had raised the battle cry!

The Quest of the Star

*"For who would live so petty and unblest
 That will not tilt at something ere he die—
 Rather than in the lee of multitudes
 Preserve his little life to little ends
 Within the shelter of monotony?"*

*"And in the quest of his imagined star,
 To lose all thought of after-recompense."*

—John Galsworthy.

Progressive work in San Francisco is beset with peculiar difficulties, not due alone to its cosmopolitanism, and lack of a common ethical standard. The chief obstacle is the "floating population," which does not here apply to a part, but nearly the whole! For westward the course of migration takes its way, and we have flotsam and jetsam from all parts of the globe.

These birds of passage and victims of "wanderlust" are of all species and varieties; from the touring rich and idle class, the many gypsy tribes—commercial and otherwise—to the true tramp type, including the demi-criminals and derelicts, moral and mental, just on the border of respectability, as well as the veritable "crook" and "confidence man."

Restless as the great ocean and the winds that sweep across it, this great tide of "floaters" drift in and out, swearing their love to the city by the moon—always related to tides!—and truly does their love prove "likewise variable," for by the next change of that orb they have set out for Honolulu, Mexico, or Alaska!

At the time of the passage of the Amendment there were already in existence in the community a number of suffrage organizations, to which were now added several new ones. The Club-Women's Franchise League, destined to do a large and important work among a class not heretofore identified as they

should have been with the movement, had its headquarters in San Francisco's most fashionable hotel, the St. Francis.

The Woman Suffrage Party of California, formed on the same lines as the one in New York, had for its president Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding. It secured offices rent-free in a large-down-town building. When later Mrs. Gerberding was obliged to go East, the leadership was assumed by Mrs. Helen Willesey Hall.

The College Equal Suffrage League now widened its work and its membership, admitting women of all classes. By this stroke of policy, and from the fact that its leaders were trained in their collegiate bodies, its work was rendered most effective. It occupied handsome offices facing Union Square.

The State Association had taken up its quarters in the Pacific Building, on Market Street, the chief thoroughfare of the city. Thus our movement had now five different downtown headquarters, and Union Square, with two of them, might almost be said to be surrounded by suffrage.

The Wage-Earners' League, which had heretofore languished, was now revived under the leadership of Miss Maud Younger, and Mrs. Edward H. O'Donnell as President, undertaking to secure the "labor vote" for the Amendment. It met at the headquarters of the San Francisco Labor Council.

The Equal Suffrage League of San Francisco, and the Susan B. Anthony Club were the local branches of the State Association. The former held its meetings in the up-town headquarters provided by Mrs. Ellen C. Sargent. Among its best and ablest workers were Dr. Mabel Anthony, Mrs. Amelia Barilla, Mrs. Frederick Disserenz, Mrs. M. Galehouse, Mrs. E. J. Callan, Mrs. M. McCroskey, Mrs. A. G. McCarthy, Mrs. M. H. Jackson, Mrs. H. M. Giusti, Mrs. Bernard Sinsheimer, Mrs. John W. Felt, Mrs. Ernestine De Velbiss, Mrs. John R. Tyrrell, Mrs. Adaline Kaiser.

The president of the League, Mrs. Mary T. Gamage, was likewise chairman of the very important county of San Francisco for the Organization Committee of the "State." Under her direction a large number of city districts were canvassed, her assistants performing this so often thankless and drudging work most faithfully.

Mrs. Augusta Jones, Mrs. Martha Pearse, Mrs. Ethel P. Weiller, Miss Eva Deutsch, Mrs. C. K. Lambie, Mrs. D. R. Fritz, Mrs. Florence Hartell, Mrs. Lucretia Watson Taylor,

Dr. Harriet Welch and Mrs. D. K. Farr were members of the League, whose indefatigable efforts in this important work of the personal canvass of the voters produced fine results on election day.

Mrs. Gamage, during the past highly important six years of suffrage effort in the state, has devoted her entire time, her fine abilities and social gifts to bringing the happy day of woman's freedom. Her father, Samuel Harding, was a pioneer settler and prominent Republican politician of San Francisco.

For the last two years Mrs. Gamage has filled the important position of Treasurer for the State Association, guarding well its funds, and helping to replenish them by her own strenuous efforts. She has led or participated in almost every branch of the work—legislation, finance, social affairs, literature, propaganda, etc.

The Susan B. Anthony Club was the oldest suffrage club in existence at the time of the campaign, and its membership consists chiefly of the older generation of women, many of them pioneers in the movement. It confined its activities during the campaign to the raising of funds, and in other ways supplementing and assisting in the work of the State Association.

Mrs. Mary Simpson Sperry, who had for seven successive years led the State Association as its president, was now at the head of the Susan B. Anthony Club, which she and Mrs. Ellen Sargent, her lifelong friend and companion, had originally established. The seven years of service for her sister-woman have been more happily rewarded in her case than in that of Jacob of old, who had to serve an additional seven, to attain the object of his desire!

Mrs. Nellie Holbrook Blinn, mother of the noted actor, who for years had inspired and guided the activities of the Susan B. Anthony Club, had passed away in the summer of 1909.

Mrs. Fannie L. Kellogg, Miss Isabel Munson, Mrs. Francesca Pierce, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Mrs. North Whitcomb, Mrs. C. C. Baker and Mrs. E. J. Pringle are other able women and workers of this club.

The largest organizations "across the bay" were the Suffrage Amendment League of Oakland and the Berkeley Political Equality Club.

The name of Mary McHenry Keith is so closely associated with the latter, and in fact with the entire suffrage movement in California, that it is almost impossible to write or speak of one without the other! A college woman and a lawyer, Mrs. Keith by her unselfish devotion, her keen logic of tongue and pen, has made converts by hundreds in the "intellectual center," and has been given there the title of "mother of suffrage in Berkeley."

Headquarters in a handsome home on one of the finest avenues in the college city were established by Mrs. Keith and maintained at her own expense for the latter months of the campaign, with Mrs. Hester Harland as manager and chairman. A beautiful silken suffrage flag attracted the attention of the students who passed daily. Besides its many social and other activities, this club made a most thorough canvass of all Berkeley precincts during the campaign.

Among its best workers were Mrs. L. E. Blochman, Mrs. Louise Narjot Howard, Mrs. Elinor Carlisle, Mrs. C. C. Hall, Mrs. Mae Wilson, Mrs. James B. Hume, Mrs. M. E. Jaffa, Mrs. John F. Swift, Mrs. Walter S. Brown, Mrs. Geo. A. Haight, Mrs. Aaron Schloss and Dr. Lucy Slocomb.

The Oakland League, as its name implies, had done excellent work for several years under the able leadership of Mrs. Agnes Ray. It had gotten out a handsome calendar for 1911—the only one published on the "coast"—and participated largely in the different legislative lobbies.

The city of Oakland, with its two hundred thousand inhabitants, which gave so poor a result in the previous campaign, was one of the hardest fields to work in northern California. The League made its chief work that of presenting the subject of suffrage to every organized body in the community. And as there are a *great many of these*, it was a work of magnitude!

The modus operandi was to write to these religious and fraternal orders, charitable and humane bodies, improvement clubs, etc., etc., and ask for a few minutes at one of their regular sessions. The zeal and tireless devotion of a small band of workers brought about excellent results in this field.

Mrs. Agnes Ray, Mrs. Sarah C. Borland, Mrs. Frances Williamson, Mrs. Emma Shirtzer, Mrs. Jean Kellogg, Mrs. F. M. Murray and Mrs. F. Harlan bore the greater part of the burden and are to be credited with the fine results in this difficult field.

Other minor leagues and clubs did good work throughout the campaign, especially the local branches of the College Equal Suffrage League.

Prominent workers in these were Mrs. Ella S. Greenman, Miss Carrie Whelan, Dr. Minora Kibbe, Mrs. Isabel Johnson, Miss Caroline Jackson, Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyester, Mrs. Josephine D. Mastick, Mrs. R. J. Marchant, Mrs. Alice Hunt, Mrs. M. L. Norman and Mrs. Alma Kower.

The Club-Women's Franchise League was a state organization, and did most effective work in various lines throughout the campaign. It was founded by Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin, who became its first Vice-President, and Chairman of the "Publicity Committee." It had for its president Mrs. Arthur W. Cornwall, one of the foremost club women of San Francisco, who has the credit of initiating and carrying to victory a number of local enterprises in the cause of civic progress.

Mrs. Coffin was likewise state organizer for this league, and conducted tours which resulted in the formation of local branches in all the chief towns in northern California. Their "whirlwind" campaign began September 11th with men politicians for speakers, brass band and "red fire," at monstrous mass-meetings.

The League had a number of specialties, one of which was the circulation of a petition in regard to the amendment; another their campaign button, which bore only the "trademark" Amendment 8. The press and publicity work was along regular political campaign lines. At the close of the campaign the League had enrolled (without dues) twenty-five hundred members, both men and women.

The League had on its large list of men vice-presidents, such names as Luther Burbank, Congressman Kent, Dean Gresham, Milton U'Ren, Barclay Henley, Isidor Jacobs, Senator L. W. Juillard, Honorable Frank Otis, Frank Gould, Emil Pohli, Rev. Charles Lathrop, Dr. Carl Renz, Fred Howard, A. L. Johnson, Judge Sweeney, Mr. Rufus Steele, Mr. Frank Gale, Dr. Preston and Rev. Shields.

Among its women helpers, chairmen of committees, and vice-presidents throughout the state, of which there was a very large number, must be mentioned Mrs. Nellie Scoville, Mrs. Clara A. Barrett, Mrs. E. L. Secombe, Mrs. Alice B. Spencer, Mrs. Elia G. Williams, Mrs. J. D. Connell, Miss Cora May, Mrs. Hazel S. Johnson, Mrs. Rufus Steele, Mrs. Helen K.

Williams, Mrs. Eleanor Swasey McInnis and Mrs. Harry Henshaw.

Of its list of sixty-one women vice-presidents throughout the state, the following must be mentioned: Mrs. William Kent, Mrs. Aylett R. Cotton, Mrs. Chas. Blaney, Mrs. Agnes Ray, Mrs. Mary L. O'Neill, Mrs. Jacob Brant, Mrs. Florence Schram, Mrs. Wm. J. Drew, Mrs. W. Holmes, Dr. Cora Snowden, Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps, Mrs. Marella Cerf, Mrs. Carl Renz, Mrs. Emma Hotz, Mrs. M. E. Tuttle, Mrs. Alice McBean, Mrs. Charles Graves, Mrs. J. C. Hull, Mrs. R. C. Boyd, Mrs Harriet McInnis and Mrs. Frank L. Otis.

The College Equal Suffrage League was likewise a state organization, and independent of the California Equal Suffrage Association. However, it co-operated, as did all the clubs and leagues, with the "state," in all branches of the work. It claimed one thousand members, and had large and effective committees.

Among its ablest and most indefatigable workers were its president, Miss Charlotte A. Whitney, a young woman of the finest femininity, much personal magnetism, and great executive ability. Mrs. Constance Lawrence Dean, Mrs. Ernestine W. Black, Mrs. Louise Herrick Wall, Mrs. Londa Stebbins Fletcher, Mrs. Mabel Craft Deering, Miss Cornelia McKinne, Dr. Adelaide Brown, Dr. Millicent Cosgrove, Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne and Mrs. Genevieve Allen.

Mrs. Alice Park, as founder and president of the Votes-For-Women Club of Palo Alto, had done splendid work throughout the county, the seat of a large, wealthy and cultured population. A new club was formed there, with Mrs. Mary F. Rosebrook as president. Other workers in that region were Professor Lillian J. Martin of Stanford, Mrs. Emily S. Karns and Mrs. H. Heneyman.

Miss Sarah Severance, a pioneer of the Susan B. Anthony type, now aged and ill, nevertheless was the head and front of the work in San Jose, the county seat of Santa Clara County, which returned such a fine result for the amendment.

Other fine workers in San Jose and Santa Clara County were Dr. Jane Bowen, Mrs. Irma Whitney, Mrs. A. T. Herman, Mrs. Laura J. Watkins, Mrs. Helen F. Williams, Rev. Edwin H. Williams, Mrs. Rose L. Stevens, Miss Ida M. Coates, Miss Rowena Beans and Dr. Amy G. B. Hittell.

In Stockton we had many fine workers, including Dr. Minerva Goodman, Mrs. Marie Riemers, Mrs. G. S. Easton, and Mrs. M. H. Gillis. In Fresno, which gave so good a majority for the amendment, we had Miss Breeze Huffman, Mrs. F. A. McMahon, and others. In San Diego we had Mrs. Katherine Read Balentine and Dr. Charlotte J. Baker.

In Alameda Mrs. Isaac N. Chapman, Mrs. T. H. Speddy, Mrs. Frank L. Otis, and others led the work. In Marin County, Mrs. Chas. Christensen, Mrs. Louisa Mann, Mrs. J. F. Russell, and Mrs. Elizabeth Shubert. In Santa Cruz, Mrs. Alice McBean, and in Sacramento Mrs. Lillian C. Hough, were most prominent in the work of carrying the Amendment.

In Chico, Bakersfield and elsewhere Mrs. Florence N. True, Miss Catherine Cole, Mrs. Alfred B. Jordan, Mrs. Caroline Cunningham and Mrs. L. A. Williams are deserving of mention.

Besides all these individual workers of the suffrage organizations we had the help of a large number of persons not directly connected with these, who threw the weight of their personal influence for the Amendment. We had likewise the endorsement of practically all the large bodies of women, and of men and women, in the state, the Social Settlements, the W. C. T. U., the Humanitarian and Civic Betterment Leagues, the Socialists and Single-Taxers, the State Federation of Clubs, the Labor Unions, the Native Daughters.

Mrs. Beaumelle Sturtevant Peet, Mrs. Lovell White, Miss Eliza Keith, Mrs. Susan Theall, Miss Elizabeth Ashe, Miss Rachel Wolfsohn, Miss Ina Coolbrith, Mrs. Emilia Tojetti, Mrs. Alfred Black, Mrs. James W. Orr, Mrs. Hannah Nolan, Miss Fidelia Jewett, Mrs. Minnie Andrews, Mrs. Josephine Monaghan, Mrs. Leonore Kothe, and Mrs. E. P. E. Gray are a few of the leaders of these organizations who co-operated most enthusiastically with us.

The two leading organizations of the south were the Political Equality League of Los Angeles, and the Votes-For-Women Club.

Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz, president of the latter, has conducted a "thirty years' war" for women in the state of California, and the many reforms she has instituted in its code of laws have given her the nickname of the "Portia of the Pacific."



MRS. CLARA S. FOLTZ

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When a mere girl she sued the Dean of the Law College, compelling him to admit her as a student, and thus vindicating the right of women to enter the legal profession, and leading to the wider provision that no one should be debarred from pursuing any lawful occupation because of sex.

In New York many years ago she tested in the courts that abominable practice in vogue at all the "swell" restaurants and hotels throughout the country, of refusing to serve belated and respectable women coming alone, and *branding them as immoral*.

Continuous, active and sleepless work was done by the officers and members of the Votes-For-Women Club in Los Angeles. Mrs. Foltz journeyed at her own expense through the length and breadth of the state, speaking in towns, sheep ranches, cross-roads and mining camps. The services of the entire staff of her law office were likewise contributed to the campaign, thousands of letters, pamphlets and leaflets being sent out all over the state.

Mr. John H. Braly was the founder and president emeritus of the Political Equality League of Los Angeles, which, like the Votes-For-Women Club, was in existence an entire year before the passage of the amendment. It had a Board of Governors, as well as an Executive Committee.

Ten thousand columns on the files attest the splendid results of the press department of this body, under the chairmanship of Mrs. D. L. McCann. Every item that could possibly make a newspaper story was utilized. Personal interviews were held with all persons prominent in the community, and letters written to notables in all parts of the world.

The Los Angeles "League" maintained large and elaborate headquarters in the Auditorium Theatre Building, with stage and gallery facilities. Meetings were held every Saturday, programs being varied, and tea served free of charge.

Mrs. Seward A. Simons was president, and Mrs. E. K. Foster, Mrs. R. L. Craig and Mrs. K. S. Vosburg, vice-presidents. Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst was chairman of Speakers, Mrs. John R. Haynes of Finance, Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson of Organization. On the Board of Governors were, as is proper in an equal rights body, both men and women.

Mrs. C. D. Blaney, Miss M. F. Wills, Mrs. John R. Haynes, Mrs. Robert D. Farquhar, Mrs. A. W. Rhoades, Mrs. C. N. Sterry, Mrs. John P. Jones, Senator Lee C. Gates, Senator Chas. W. Bell, Judge Waldo M. York, Judge W. S. Harbert, Parley M. Johnson, Herman Jahns, Seward A. Simons and T. E. Gibbon constituted this board.

The California Equal Suffrage Association, which has had so long and honorable a record for many years and in all previous campaigns in the state, and with which the names of Mrs. Ellen C. Sargent, Mrs. Caroline Severance, Mrs. John F. Swift, and other pioneers had been so closely identified, was fortunate in securing Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson to lead it and the cause to victory.

Mrs. Watson is the heroine of *another thirty years' war* for women, and has in her own life demonstrated the world-wide motherhood that is to be the type of the future. Coming to California in 1878, she was made preacher for the Religio-Philosophical Society, and fostered from the platform those infant causes of equal rights, peace and temperance so much neglected by the world at large.

Meetings were held at the Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, which was often filled to the doors by those who came to hear the eloquent woman speaker, one of her sex being a rarity indeed at that time. Mrs. Watson is pre-eminently an orator, the power of her rich voice, the idealism of her thought raising her audience to a high plane of vision of the future.

For two years this remarkable woman, now just rounding out her "three score and ten," has been devoted, body, brain and soul, to the work of winning the amendment. She is writer, organizer, leader, as well as speaker; and one remarkable achievement of hers in the campaign was a trip through the Sacramento Valley, speaking to large audiences for twenty-three consecutive days.

In California we do not speak of a "state-wide," but a "state-long" campaign, ours being one thousand miles in length. The entire northern portion was covered by the State Association, while the southern organizations took that part "south of the Tehachapi" as their field.

Mrs. Helen Moore, who had for three years been in charge of the local organization work under the State Association, was now appointed chairman of this committee for the entire state,

the local branches in the different counties assisting in the work of organizing all over this immense territory.

Early in the campaign an Inter-Association Conference had been called, representing all the different clubs and leagues around the bay. It held semi-monthly meetings at the offices of the College League, delegates presiding in turn. To take part in these councils was a privilege, and gave one renewed vim and inspiration for the fight. The strictest parliamentary forms were observed, and not a moment of our precious time wasted in idle compliment or discussion. We were very practical idealists in those days.

The Spoken Word and the Printed Page

A Word spoken in due season—how good it is!

And the Lord said unto Moses, “Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak to the Children of Israel, that they go forward.”

Sylvia Pankhurst, daughter of the great English leader, happened to be making a flying tour of the coast, early in the month of March. She was secured by the Woman Suffrage Party, and under its auspices a lecture was arranged for, in one of the largest halls of the city.

It was the only paid lecture of the campaign, and probably the only suffrage address ever given in San Francisco, for which an admission fee was charged. Yet the hall was crowded with an eager throng when this slender, pale slip of a suffragette told her thrilling tale of suffering endured in prison cells, at the hands of the brutal mob, and under horses' feet—were not these dumb brutes more merciful than men!

Suffering such as this, which only fine natures can know, well deserves to be termed martyrdom. Yet it had all been borne by this young, frail girl—only one of the many heroines of the English women's crusade, for the sake of an ideal—theirs and ours as well! The great audience listened for two hours with rapt attention and bated breath, to the moving recital, paying the tribute of a silence too deep and solemn even for applause.

And truly did it seem that the soul of every woman present must have been stirred by this noble example to at least some slight effort of true self-sacrifice in the same splendid cause of her fellow women, and of the world's progress!

The next to speak that "good word" was Dr. Chas. F. Aked, just from the East, whence his name and fame as pastor of Rockefeller's church had preceded him. His first appearance was at the Savoy Theater, which had been secured by Mrs. Elizabeth

Gerberding for the use of the suffragists. It was filled to overflowing by an immense, and very fashionable audience, many of whom having been turned away from the church on the previous Sunday, were eager to hear the noted divine on any subject whatever, even Votes for Women!

Whether these persons felt rewarded and became converted or not, the remainder were deeply impressed and greatly edified by the strong and convincing presentation of the subject given by Dr. Aked. Characterizing the American woman as the consummate flower of the ages, he yet tempered this tribute with the warning words, "If she now neglects to take advantage of the opportunities opening up to her, she will find herself lagging behind the women of so-called backward European countries."

At another of these theater meetings the mayor of the city, Mr. P. H. McCarthy, and a number of leading labor union officials—Edward Nolan, Andrew Gallagher, Will J. French, and others, avowed from the platform their fullest sympathy and advocacy of our cause.

Father Joseph Gleason, coming all the way from Palo Alto for the purpose, made it clear in the course of his scholarly and interesting address that despite the current notions to the contrary, the Catholic Church as a body has never been opposed, but on the contrary has favored, the emancipation of woman.

Rabbi Martin H. Meyer, on this same occasion, also delivered an able discourse, asserting that the spirit which would deny to woman entire equality was the same, whether consciously so or not, with that which confined her in harems—that of the brothers in Hugo's verses, "The Veil"!

Rev. Meyer preached several suffrage sermons to his congregation, the chief in wealth and social prestige on the Pacific Coast, and he even instructed the little girls of his confirmation class on the subject, bidding them prepare to vote. A native son of San Francisco, he is true to his American ideals and to his spiritual ancestry.

His ardent idealism and humanity, however, caused him to be unpopular with certain high financial pillars of his church and late in the campaign it was rumored that he was to be "muzzled." Since then the big business stick has descended upon his head in the form of anonymous letters, calling on him to resign.

But the Reverend Martin H. Meyer says he will continue to love his neighbor as himself, in other words, to preach "radicalism." He has not yet resigned.

Many other ministers of religion, of all denominations and creeds were on our side, some of them long before the campaign. Among these were, in San Francisco and vicinity: Rev. Wm. Day Simons, of Oakland; Rev. Hugh Clampett, Father Sesnon and Rabbi Jacob Nieto.

Another fiery champion and zealous supporter was Mayor J. Stitt Wilson, of Berkeley, who spoke continually during the campaign, and declared that were it not that his official duties forbade, he would have "stumped the state" for us. He is justly regarded as the ablest orator on the Pacific Coast.

Albert H. Elliot, a forceful and witty speaker, who has for the past six years on all public occasions spoken for us, now in the time of our need, did not fail us, but placed his services at our disposal throughout the entire campaign, despite the demands of his large law practice.

Other attorneys who spoke the good word for us were Mr. Thomas E. Hayden, Otto Irving Wise, Alfred P. Black, Austin Lewis, E. P. E. Troy, E. R. Zion, George S. Knight, Daniel O'Connell.

To Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, we were indebted for strong and repeated endorsements by voice and pen, which carried with them the weight of his scientific erudition and literary reputation. He furnished one of the most irrefutable arguments that has ever been advanced for our movement.

This was to the effect that the great object and ideal of democracy is not to attain a perfect form of government, but to develop *in men and women* the power of self-government!

To be mentioned on the roll of honor of our "Men's Auxiliary" were Captain Evelyn Baldwin, Mr. Max Popper, Mr. Aaron Sapiro, Judge Jas. G. Maguire, Mr. Jas. H. Barry, Judge Isidor Golden, Judge Cabaniss, Dr. Paul Campiche, Mr. Edward Dupuy. The last two named gave addresses to the French population.

Among our best speakers were some of the women whose abilities had been developed by the exigencies of the campaign. Mrs. Etta Blum was one of these, showing to the surprise of her friends and herself, oratorical talent of a high order. Mrs. Mary T. Gamage spoke frequently, on one occasion to an impromptu crowd at the ferry.

Lucretia Watson Taylor, daughter of her mother, has an exquisitely feminine charm of manner that makes her peculiarly winning as a pleader for her sex. The marvelously rich voice

of Mrs. Ida Finney McRille penetrated to the furthest limits of the crowd.

Constance Lawrence Dean and Ernestine W. Black are fine types of our "native daughters." Both are possessed of marked talent as speakers, as well as writers.

The strong and fiery utterances of Mary Fairbrother appealed to the radical element of her hearers, while Alice Park's straight-from-the-shoulder logic won the thoughtful "man in the street." Mrs. Rose M. French was our spellbinder, with her simple story of work done for the welfare of the world, without the citizen's right of the ballot, as with hands tied behind her!

Towards the end of the campaign, we had reinforcements from outside of the State, Mrs. Alma Lafferty, member of the Colorado legislature; Mrs. John Rogers, of New York; Mrs. Mary Stanislawsky, of Nevada; Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch; Miss Gail Laughlin; Miss Helen Todd, Miss Margaret Haley, Mrs. Helen Hoy Greeley, the last four named remaining with us to the end.

Even a greater power than the spoken word is the written, or printed one, and we availed ourselves of this greatest agency of civilization, which was said to have "won out" for the women of Washington. To an almost incalculable extent, the preparatory work for this most effective campaigning had been done in the years that went before by Mrs. Alice Park, of Palo Alto, in her capacity as chairman of literature for the State Association.

For several years "after the defeat," the "State" printed nothing but its annual program, depending on the "National" for occasional consignments of literary matter. The plans carried forward so successfully in this campaign were the result of a slow, steady growth from that time. Mrs. Park's leaflet, "Woman Under California Laws" proved immensely popular. Like mother's cookies it could not be kept on the shelves, the supply running out again and again.

Mrs. Rose M. French assumed charge, during the campaign, of this most important of all the work, for the State Association. Under her able direction, editing and supervision, nearly three million pages of printed matter went out all over the State. These dealt with every branch of the subject, and California used more literature—both sold and given away—than any other State has ever used during a campaign, even considering its size.

Some were compilations, others reprints, and a few original.

It was the policy of the association to undertake the making and printing of the literature and to sell the same at cost, allowing local clubs to pay for supplies, which they would then distribute free to individuals.

Gold, the California color, was a fine modification of the yellow selected far from her borders years ago, as the suffrage color, and we used every shade of it. By the close of the campaign no yellow paper or cambric was left in the stores of San Francisco or Los Angeles!

“Why California Women Want to Vote” proved a favorite subject, naturally; and as we had about a thousand reasons we could always invent a few new ones for the extra editions that were called for from time to time!

Headlines were chosen with care, instead of the ordinary non-committal titles. We had, for instance, “Jane Addams Wants to Vote,” which carried a certain message, even to those who read no further. The approval of our literature was general and hearty. Editors copied the pages entire without comment, and speakers in halls and on street corners made its information and argument their own!

Special leaflets to suit their purpose were issued by the College E. S. L., the Wage Earners and the Club Women’s League. The Votes for Women Club used a quantity of the National literature, a large portion of which was sold again at a small profit, so as to pay for itself.

A large number of copies of Mill’s “Subjection of Women” were purchased by Mr. L. E. Blochman, and placed on reading tables at summer resorts all over the State.

From the “National” came large quantities of the leaflets in foreign tongues, and we made good use of these in our great cosmopolitan center, though the bitter irony of the appeal to the ignorant immigrant to permit us a voice in the land of our forefathers made some of the more militant ones among us grit our teeth as we passed it ‘round!

A fine leaflet with many original ideas, published by the Woman Suffrage Party was the work of Ella Costillo Bennett, author of the poetic version of “Abelard and Heloise.”

About the most effective of all our printed pages, however, was the “Opinions of Eminent Local Catholic Clergy,” gotten out by the State Association for the use of the special committee for this work under the chairmanship of Mrs. Rhoda Ringrose.

The plan pursued was an entire innovation, it being the first time that such work has been done in any state campaign.

Other leaflets used also for this purpose of the propaganda were the address by Reverend Joseph Gleason and a paper by Dr. Margaret Mahoney, entitled "Catholic Women in Civic Life."

With the help of a large committee from the College League and other individual workers, the thirty-six Catholic congregations of San Francisco were covered several times over, and the propaganda reached every single adherent of that faith. The workers were at the doors of the churches at the early mass—six o'clock in the morning—and at all others, standing for hours with their literature, many of the business girls giving up their entire Sunday to this work.

The Bishop had been appealed to by letter, at the beginning of the campaign, to permit the subject to be taken up in the pulpit. He refused consent to this, but the prohibition proved a benefit to us, as it prevented any priest who was opposed preaching on the other side!

Besides overseeing all the work in San Francisco, Mrs. Ringrose made three separate trips into the interior, and helped by women there, each working in her own town or mission, covered this large field also, distributing the general literature as well, to all the inhabitants who were of this faith.

Mrs. Constance Dean, as chairman of the "college committee," Mrs. Augusta Jones, Miss Mary Fairbrother, Mrs. Dorothy Harnden, Mrs. Lavina De Rackin, Mrs. Martha Pearse, Mrs. Frances Gibson, Mrs. John Tyrrell, Mrs. M. H. McCroskey and Miss Sara Taylor, were a few of those who, quite regardless of their own personal religious affiliations, helped to accomplish this work.

As chairman of the literature committee of the Political Equality League of Los Angeles, Miss Louise D. Carr distributed one million leaflets and sixty-five thousand pamphlets to individuals, fraternal orders and conventions.

Several original suffrage songs were composed and printed especially for the California campaign. Charlotte Perkins Gilman contributed one, sung to the tune, "Buy a Broom," and others were written to the stirring martial strains of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Marching Through Georgia," respectively.

Postcards proved good printed—or pictorial—propaganda. Original ones were issued by the Political Equality League of Los Angeles, the Berkeley "Club," the Club Women's "League," and the "Votes for Women Club" of San Francisco. One of these had our own "Five Star Spangled Suffrage Banner," with

appropriate verses, paraphrased from the original, another was a striking picture of the "Woman Voter Purifying the Political Pool."

Many original limericks, parodies and humorous skits were composed, and published in the papers. A suffrage version of "Reuben and Rachel" was written and acted by members of the College League on their tours of the country towns. Several other dramatic sketches were written, but not published.

In response to a demand for a suffrage play with local setting "The Girl from Colorado, or the Conversion of Aunty Suffridge," was written during the summer by the president of the Votes for Women Club of San Francisco and published by the club. In order to make the playlet more effective as propaganda the happy result was prophetically anticipated!

A poster contest was conducted by the College League, the sum of fifty dollars having been donated for a prize, for which a large number of the best artists of both sexes competed. Miss Bertha Boye was the successful one, her poster representing a woman of the California-Spanish type, clad in Indian draperies, standing against the Golden Gate as a background with the setting sun forming a halo around her head.

There were many equally beautiful designs, some even superior in life and vigor, in the estimation of the public, who saw them at an exhibition held for three days in the leading art store. The Political Equality League of Los Angeles held a poster contest also, Julia Bracken Wendt contributing the heroic figure, "Liberty, Equality, Justice."

Elmer S. Wise, a schoolboy of fifteen, presented to the Votes for Women Club a poster full of spirit and spirituality, which has been brought "up to date," as shown on the cover of this book.

Some of the English posters, published by the Artists' Suffrage League of London, were most effective as pictorial propaganda. "Factory Acts," "Justice Demands the Vote," and others were great favorites.

Decorations and emblems held by no means a petty place in our publicity work. The Votes for Women Club had "made in California" with a special original design in poppies, a very dainty pin, similar in size and style to the popular fraternity pins. This sold readily for twenty-five cents to the young business girls and men, who did not care to be "conspicuous" by wearing a larger pin.

A very neat button in white and gold was manufactured for the "State," of which nearly fifty thousand were disposed of, being sold at five cents each to individuals, and to organizations at cost, one cent each. We had previously worn the English flag pin, and all the different buttons we could get hold of. Towards the end, the glad-to-be-martyrs to the cause even adorned their dressy corsages with the white Votes for Women "dinner plate!"

We had pennants likewise to suit all tastes, from the handsome hand-made ones in black felt letters on old gold ground sold at seventy-five cents, for office and home decoration and printed yellow felt ones at thirty-five cents each, to the cambric ones at five cents. Cambric banners were used on automobiles.

When carried "accidentally" through the streets from one headquarters to the other, or for some other ostensible reason, these pretty pennants and bannerettes attracted just the right kind and amount of attention. On the day of our big mass meeting Mrs. Mary T. Gamage carried an enormous and very beautiful silk pennant through the entire length of Fillmore street.

The San Francisco Morning Call, with its full-page editorial, *in script*, published early in August, rendered perhaps the most signal service to suffrage that has ever been performed by the press of the United States.

Part of this splendid tribute ran: "Woman's jewels paid for the discovery of a new world, and a new freedom. Woman's hands have woven the banner of a new civilization, built its temples, and kept its altar-fires burning. Woman's mind and soul have inspired every crusade of religion, patriotism and morality since humanity began to walk upright, and see God behind the stars. . . . but when the election bonfire burns, and the voting shack, that *ark of the masculine covenant*, is set up, then she reverts to squawhood. . . . The Call wants a share in the righting of this ancient wrong. . . . Put a cross in the right place; the Yes place. *And put woman in her right place!* . . . "

This good example was followed by the Los Angeles Herald, which in its next Sunday's edition devoted the same amount of space to the same theme, in the same finely daring manner. Numbers of papers in all the large towns came out with long and favorable editorials.

The San Francisco Star, a weekly periodical of progress, had for a quarter of a century—all the time when suffrage was

taboo—strenuously and persistently sought to right this ancient wrong. James H. Barry is its editor and publisher.

The Bulletin was most favorable to us. The Daily News, one of the Scripps Syndicate, had ever since its establishment, after the earthquake, been entirely sympathetic. The "Argonaut," always the consistent organ of special privilege, was, of course, strongly opposed, as was the Los Angeles Times, the latter being even more bitterly "anti-agonistic."

The work done with the press of the state for three years before the campaign by Mabel Craft Deering, in her capacity as chairman of this department for the State Association, was invaluable. Mrs. Deering is a magazine writer and former newspaper woman, and she was able to make her experience tell in this work, volunteering her own services and enlisting the support of hundreds of minor newspapers throughout the state.

During the campaign she continued to serve in this capacity, both for the "State" and the College League, and much of the matter appearing in the Examiner and other papers throughout the campaign was dictated by her.

Fine press work was done by the Berkeley League, Mrs. Mary McHenry Keith keeping the papers there piping hot with suffrage news, and by other organizations. Ella Costillo Bennett, Mrs. Orlow Black and others used their pens freely in every sense to preach and teach the cause.

From the date of its famous editorial, the Call gave over its entire "Woman's Page" to the cause of the amendment, articles unedited and illustrated by photographs being contributed by women of all classes, many of whom had never before in their lives appeared on the "printed page." These articles naturally attracted a great deal of attention.

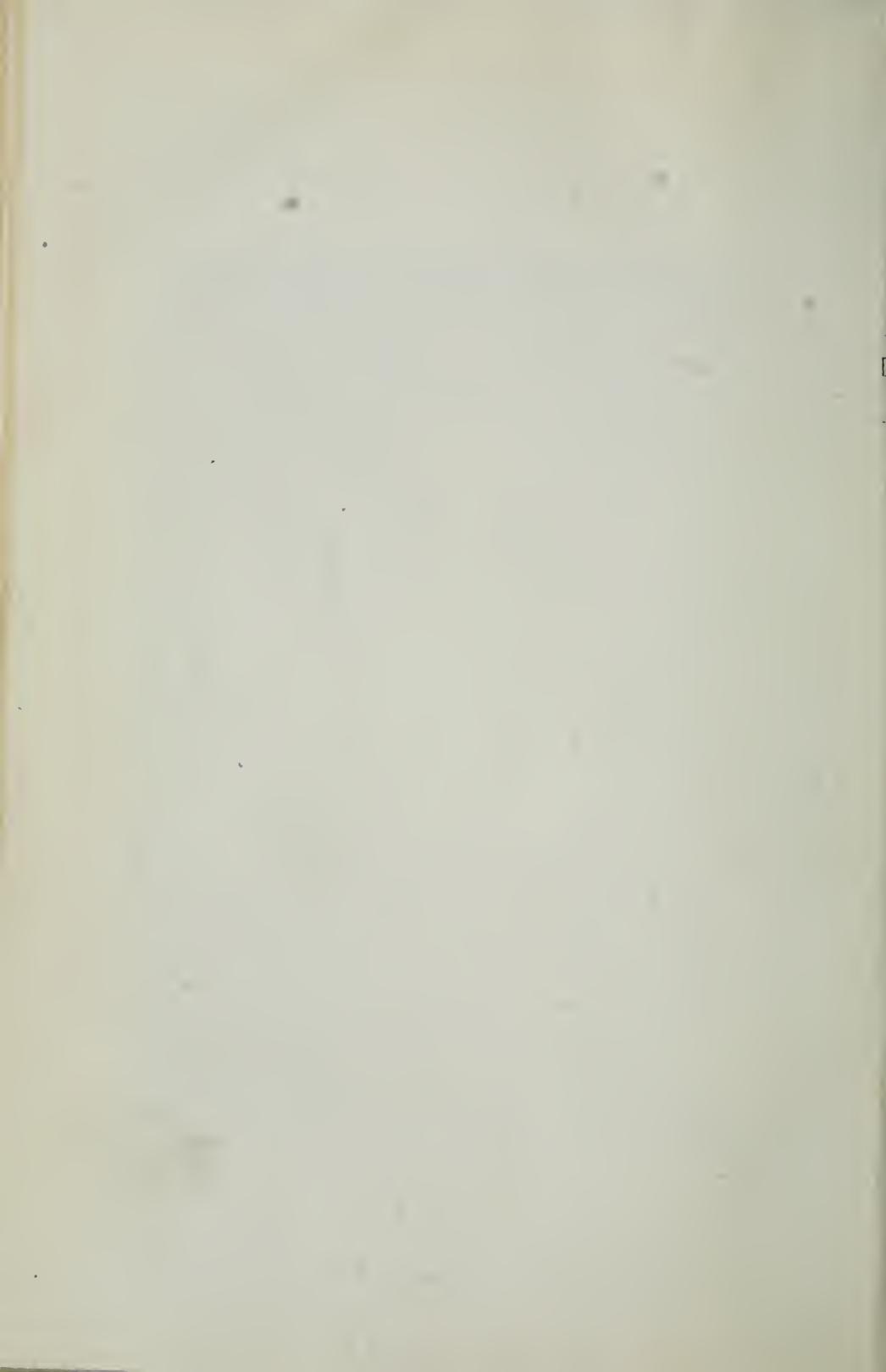
Among newspaper men to whom we were indebted for the written word urging the people to "go forward" were Ernest L. Simpson, Fremont Older, Edward F. Cahill, John H. Barry, Robert J. Burdette, F. Marriott, Theodore Stanton, Harry Cowell.

The women reporters, with scarcely a single exception, were most sympathetic. Many were of the greatest assistance, the excellent work in their stories and write-ups being done in an earnest spirit of zeal quite aside from the particular editorial policy of their respective papers.

Among them must be mentioned Bessie Beatty, Annie Wilde, Caroline Singer, Vivian Pierce, Helen Dare, Pauline Jacobson, Hortense Russell, Helen K. Williams, Euphenia C.



MRS. ROSE M. FRENCH



Tompkins. Special writers such as Mary Calkins Brooks, Laura Bride Powers, Ella G. Sexton, Amelia W. Truesdell, besides the well-known women authors, such as Gertrude Atherton, Miriam Michelsen, Mary Austin, Ina Coolbrith, we had "always with us."

And the same was true with regard to the men of letters, and, in fact, those eminent in all domains of art, science and philosophy. From those at the summit of fame: Henry George, called in derision, "the prophet of San Francisco," and rated now as one of the greatest minds of the nineteenth century; Luther Burbank, the "wizard" of the plant world; Mark Twain, considered the most truly representative of all American writers to Joaquin Miller; David Starr Jordan, Frank Norris, George Sterling, Jack London—we challenge the "antis" to mention one distinguished name that has come out of California—one man or woman truly great—who has not been a friend of equal rights!

Anti's

*Lo! Power with encrimsoned hands
 The blood draught of his shambles sips;
 And Justice at her altar stands
 And stammers with polluted lips.*

Geo. Sterling.

Before the whirlwind campaign had fairly opened, Miss Minnie Bronson alias "Dr.," had come from the south and taken up quarters at the St. Francis. She refused to debate (a wise decision on her part!), as it was to be "an educational campaign"—to teach women *the folly of wanting to vote!*

This truly startling program was not carried out—a negative one of that nature being somewhat difficult to execute, one would imagine! Later Miss Bronson removed to haunts more congenial to one of her scholastic temperament, in the college town, and contented herself with writing for the press.

In the summer it was announced that the wife of the president of the university had headed the list of Berkeley "antis." This lady is not a Californian, any more than is Minnie herself. Mrs. Max Sloss, a resident of Boston, whose interests are entirely with her class, was induced, late in the campaign, to give her name as leader of the "organization" in San Francisco.

The deliberations of this body must have been held in secret, as we learned very little about them, nor was the smallest initiative taken by them in action. Miss Bronson's boast that she would speedily gather a fine force of the best representatives of her sex in the region around the bay, was proven hollow as a drum.

The fact was that the brains and ability of the women of California were already enlisted on the side of suffrage, in overwhelming proportion.

Mrs. Forse Scott, hailing from New York, held forth from the platform a number of times, her most "forse-ful" argument—in her own case at least, strikingly correct—being the assertion of the physical, mental and moral inferiority of women!

Miss Gail Laughlin later in a rousing and witty speech to fifteen hundred persons at Scottish Rite Hall, "burned up" the lady to a cinder for this shameless abuse of her own sex, and for the contradictory slanders on Colorado and its women—she asserting on the one hand that the complete failure of suffrage there made it impossible to find a man, woman, or child who was in favor of it, and in the next breath declaring that all the corrupt "forses" were allied to retain it!

But it remained for a local character, *of the male sex*, to carry off the dis-honors among our anti-agonists. This man, known as Colonel Irish, with a very shady reputation in the political world, was not as bashful as Miss Bronson, meeting our champions in debate, and for his bullying treatment of them and his insults to women, bringing down upon his head the scorn of the community.

He was covered with ridicule by the press and public. His very name and title, it was said, was a misnomer. He was a "chocolate soldier," and the nationality implied in his surname repudiated him! The controversy was extended in the press to the great profit of our side, in advertisement, and at the final debate with Dr. Aked, just before election day, the brilliant logic of the latter "knocked him out in one round," to the gratification of the immense audience.

The formation of the league of male antis, called by themselves the "Committee of Fifty," and by us the "Lame Ducks of Los Angeles," and other pet names, occurred in the early summer. Their solemn declaration that they "intended to institute a minutely comprehensive campaign throughout the entire State," was commented on with terse humor by the Call, in the words, "O, spooks!"

That everyone of these "ducks" enjoyed a more or less unsavory record as an enemy of the people was the charge made by our side. However, their amiable program was frustrated by the formation of the "Men's Equal Suffrage Campaign League" of the same city of Los Angeles, with a large membership list of the most distinguished and "desirable" male citizens.

In their platform the "lame ducks" had asserted that the "better-to-do" women would not vote, this term, of their own invention, being understood as a clever euphemism for the parasitic rich; a happy compromise in adjectives that would offend neither the higher-ups nor the lower-downs in the social scale.

In the course of her investigations Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst had found that it was the "machine," which behind the "committee of fifty," was fighting us, to whom the woman's vote is like the red flag waved before the bull! She found there, what we likewise discovered in San Francisco that merchants and others had been interviewed and informed that only the laboring women would vote, and "business be hurt." The working-men, on the other hand, had been told that none but "club-women," would go to the polls, and therefore, capitalistic interests would be promoted, to the disadvantage of the working man!

These "antis," as a matter of course, were keenly alive to the interests of the latter class. And strange to say they were the same people who were so deeply solicitous for the welfare of the business men. True philanthropists were they indeed! Worming their way into the Labor Council they oiled their petition to appear on their platform, with the flattering statement that they had "always had the most intelligent questions from the working men."

As it is the custom in the labor unions to give a hearing to all who apply, they could not refuse, but later Gail Laughlin, Maud Younger and other speakers were given repeated opportunities to answer the anti-quated and sophistical arguments.

Literary antics were on a par with public speeches and press articles. A few samples came our way. One was anonymous, and so filled with Latin quotations and other heavyweight matter that the business girls of the Votes-For-Women Club said that their employers would "not waste time reading it."

A vile pamphlet consisting of extracts from the speech of the notorious Senator Sanford in the last legislature had been printed and circulated. In the finale he pictures the suffragette seated atop of the world she has ruined, crying out, "Didn't I raise hell?" This we might well take as somewhat of a compliment to our power.

It was this same chivalrous statesman whose definition a "suffragette is a woman who wants to raise hell, but not children," (he being particularly fond of allusions to the lower regions) was wittily paraphrased by the lovely Mrs. Laidlaw thus: "a suffragette is a woman who wants to raise children, but not in hell!"

But the best retort on these male anti-agonists is the one given by dear Susan B. Anthony on her last visit to us. When asked by a reporter her opinion of a man of the Senator's

stripe, she replied that as his species would soon be extinct, she would advise *canning him* for the benefit of posterity.

At suffrage teas and other occasions we had numberless hand-to-hand encounters with anti-diluvian arguments and theories. One little lady seemed to be in the habit of swallowing whole, like a hungry dog, all the miscellaneous misinformation her masculine relatives saw fit to throw at her. She said her husband had told her that as the workingwomen in San Francisco were in excess of the men, and would all vote wrong, and against business, it would never do here!

To reply to this tissue of falsity both in fact and inference required infinitely more tact, readiness and logic than in a formal debate. Yet our speaker who accomplished the feat was afterwards criticised as being "too much like a Salvation Army ranter!"

Still another woman objected, not so much to "the voting itself, as to all the rest that goes with it." When pressed to state what this was, she said she meant "office holding," for instance. We tried to reassure her on that point, promising that if overweening ambition did not urge her to seek it, this dreaded burden would not be thrust upon her against her will!

An intelligent young business man was bitterly opposed to the granting of the right, but stated that if the iniquitous measure should pass, he would then insist on his wife's exercising it, if he had to *march her to the polls with a shot-gun!* When asked to explain this rather inconsistent threat on his part—"because she'll have to help beat the south of Market street vote!" he roared.

"Well, then, let 'em vote! Let 'em do all the hard work!" exclaimed in disgust another masculine acquaintance, whose mother, at the father's death, had raised her family, conducting, besides, the small business. Where he got the notion that political rights are connected with hard work, I could not discover, nor did I wish to make the matter too personal. So I contented myself with reminding him that the European peasant woman, yoked to the plow with the oxen, did not possess a vote.

The butcher with whom I had been dealing roared like a mad bull at sight of my badge—a yellow, not a red flag! "If my wife wanted to vote, I'd kick her out of the house," he declared. "A man of your sort will never know what his wife is thinking," I replied, as calmly as I could to this outburst.

"But I will tell you what *I* am thinking; that is, that *you* are the partner who should be kicked out."

A hairdresser, of foreign birth, assailed me in a store with a torrent of insolent abuse that took my breath away. "You think you're mighty smart to try and get us women to vote!" she cried, with a coarse, sneering laugh. "Why, *the rich women that come here* don't care a thing about it;" (not a newsy item, that) "nor neither do I! The women have got too much to say now," etc., etc.

I told her that I fully agreed with her as to the last statement, in respect to certain individuals at least. "So *you* had better set the rest a good example," I added, "and shut up!"

A gentleman in the manufacturing line, from Philadelphia, whom I met at a family dinner party, informed me that I had been on a pedestal all my life (I had never been aware of it myself); and, if the amendment carried, would certainly take a terrible tumble therefrom into the mud of political life. No man, he said, honored and respected woman more than he, etc., etc.

"Mr. _____," I said, "half an hour ago I heard you remark, in the presence of these young people, that *a man* did not forfeit your respect, even when he 'boozed' a great deal. Therefore, I know how to value this respect of yours, and even at the risk of losing it, if you will pardon me for saying so, I prefer the vote."

We had been told that the men's clubs were "solid against us." This was not surprising. These same fashionable club-men, at the time of the "graft prosecutions," boasted loudly of wearing indictments "like bouquets in their button holes." One of them, when summoned as a juror, brazenly declared that as Mr. Patrick Calhoun belonged in his set, he "*would not find him guilty under any circumstances whatsoever!*"

The "see-saw argument," embodying the notion that when one sex goes up the other goes down, was one we had to meet "once in so often." It is, as its name implies, the product of a certain wobbly structure of the brain cells, which neither logic nor fact could remedy.

The "bad woman" argument, thrown at us persistently towards the last by antis driven into this corner, made our blood boil. We decided to answer it (privately, as it was given) somewhat after the following fashion:

"Who is responsible for the 'bad woman?' We say society is. Now good women decline to pay doubly for her—and

society's—sin. The vote—if she votes—will not do her, or society, any harm. It cannot harm society, for she will have to vote for the same candidates you and I vote for. There is no 'bad woman' ticket! It can only do *her* good, as it will do other women, and at any rate, she has as good a right to vote as the rest of us! And, moreover, (as a 'squelcher') we will agree to look out for the bad woman, if you men will take care of the bad men. And our job is going to be a 'snap' compared to yours!"

But the most difficult of all to deal with was the "expediency" argument. Foes of our own households, in many cases sincere, used this anti-democratic plea, admitting the "abstract right," but urging that "we have too many voters now," and there should be a "property qualification," masked in the still more insidious phrase, "a stake in the government."

It seems, then, that "abstract right" and justice have naught to do with the state. Accordingly, that mighty sentence in the Book of Books should be altered to suit modern conditions, and would then read: "*The state which is founded on inexpediency shall not endure!*"

Pray, gentlemen, at what sum would you set this *property stake*? One hundred dollars was named to me on one occasion. Very well. Let us see. All financiers, high and low; gamblers, "gold-brick and bunco men," ward heelers, white-slavers, could produce that much! The only classes excluded would be a few artists, Bohemians, tramps and inmates of hospitals and poor-houses, most of whom don't vote anyhow, along with a lot of poor slaves of the mill and mine, whose pay envelopes read six dollars and seventy-five cents per week!

Is the sum too low? Then let us suppose a thousand dollars to be the test of American manhood and womanhood. Quite a number in my own circle of acquaintance, and constituting throughout the country a considerable class—educators, humanitarians, public benefactors—many being the posterity of those who gave their life-blood that the nation might live, do not possess one thousand dollars in the world. They could not vote!

An attempt was made during the summer, to have window displays in the leading dry-goods stores of the cities about the bay. In Berkeley the proprietors had given their consent, and preparations were well under way, when, as they told the suffragists, the opposition had interfered, and threatened to withdraw their patronage.

One leading underwear establishment in San Francisco had its window all prettily arranged, with yellow satin ribbon drawn through the "lingerie," when a similar visitation of the angels from the other side caused the proprietor to withdraw both the ribbons and his promise!

The manager of another establishment told our committee that he would still keep his word, although he had been likewise subjected to anti-pathic treatment for the yellow disease, provided we were willing that the other window should be given over to the "antis," as they had stipulated.

We told the manager that we might agree to this arrangement, on condition that we were allowed to suggest a suitable style of decoration, for instance, a figure of the goddess emblematic of our cause, blind in one eye only, and this one blackened as a result of an encounter with a Big Business Joss beside her.

Or, another touching, that is, anti-pathetic, emblem, we thought, would be that of Liberty, garbed in black, weeping, prostrate on the tomb of Democracy. We told the manager that we were generous enough to throw in these suggestions to the opposition, free of charge, but he only smiled a deprecating smile, and we heard nothing more of the matter.

Through the generosity of Mrs. Mary McHenry Keith, the College League had been able to achieve the finest "coup" of the campaign.

Billboards everywhere throughout the city, on the routes of the street cars, and even raised on high over the bridge at the Oakland mole, proclaimed in letters of enormous size, visible for half a block, *Justice To California Women; Vote Yes to Amendment Four*, while in smaller print, at the bottom, were such mottoes as "Give your girl the same chance as your boy," and others, alternating on different placards.

It was a "sight for sore eyes" indeed. But these same eyes of ours became sore again at the sight, just a few days before election, of "anti" placards right alongside ours, which in lurid letters of "revolutionary" red called on the "people" to "Vote No, as *Home-Loving Women Do Not Want the Ballot.*"

Just how many women of the home-keeping variety (restricted in San Francisco to suffragists, and the wives of the poorest laboring class, who rarely get a chance to leave them) had "chipped in" to pay for these placards, or perhaps put them up with their own fair, home-loving hands, we could well conjecture!

The Beast in our Jungle had begun to show his teeth, and on Monday, October 10th, he bit and tore in a full-page advertisement of misquotations from Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Anna Howard Shaw, and others, which appeared in two out of the three morning "moral engines" of our city.

This vicious attack on our cause and its héroïnes aroused two members of the Votes-For-Women Club, who went to the office of the Chronicle, and stopped the paper. The clerk, stung by their taunts, declared in defense of his employers, that they could not refuse the ad., for which they had been paid the sum of five hundred dollars.

"O, certainly, and I suppose you'd all sell your very souls for that!" replied the irate suffragist, whereat he seized the copy he had shown them, twisted it up, and cast it on the floor. "That's right; it's what should be done to the whole edition!" she added, as they left the place.

The Whirl-Windup

*For the Lord
 On the whirlwind is abroad;
 In the earthquake He has spoken;
 He has smitten with His thunder
 The iron walls asunder,
 And the gates of brass are broken.*

John G. Whittier.

Our "whirlwind campaign" increased steadily in violence until it became at the end a veritable cyclone. Among the most notable events of these last few months were those which indicated without doubt that the politicians, "as usual," were "turning us down."

To the great disappointment of those who were constitutionally optimistic, ours did not appear on the list of preferred amendments of the twenty-six printed and sent out by the Republican party to all the voters of the State. Nor did Governor Johnson, in his campaign tour in behalf of the initiative, referendum and recall, make any mention of this superlatively important measure!

The Governor had kept the letter of his word to us at the Legislature, but perhaps it required more moral courage than even a Hiram Johnson, credited with "smashing the machine," is supposed to possess, to have thus proven himself a true "insurgent" and progressionist by continuing to stand by us to the end.

The matter of raising the "sinews of war" had from the first been a grave problem. "Times were hard," so it was said, and the moneyed interests, with many honorable exceptions, solidly opposed to us. The wife of one of the multi-millionaire bankers of the country was appealed to after a personal letter in which she had avowed herself "interested in the movement," with a request for a small "sinew," which contribution would, if she desired, be kept secret. But she answered only by silence.

A few persons connected with big business and the liquor interests did this giving anonymously, but the witty saying to the effect that "the Lord showed how little He thought of money

by the kind of people he gave it to," was well demonstrated in our community.

The "National" contributed generously to our funds, the proceeds from an "Author's Reading" and a "Self-Denial Week" being sent to the organizations doing state work, and devoted to the fund for speakers from the East. These organizations were fairly well "set up," the pocket books of the "Political Equality" of Los Angeles, the "State" and others being the most plethoric.

Five hundred dollars had been raised at a rally in aid of the "State" fund, held at the Palace Hotel, under the auspices of the Equal Suffrage League of San Francisco. The Susan B. Anthony Club had held a bazaar, which made three hundred dollars, at the home of Mrs. Mary Simpson Sperry.

Private persons in the East sent various sums of money, and as a matter of course collections were taken up at the mass meetings, which usually netted a good surplus over expenses. Average dues of leagues and clubs were one dollar per year, one or two having no dues at all.

The financial reservoirs of the College and the Club Women's Leagues were at high-water mark, their revenues reaching well into the thousands. Other organizations were not by any means so able-bodied, and these were obliged to toddle along as best they might, helped out by a few generous ones in their own ranks.

Among local suffragists Mrs. Mary McHenry Keith was our fairy god-mother, contributing three thousand dollars to the campaign as the climax of her liberality of many years in this respect. Mrs. Elizabeth L. Watson, Mrs. Mary T. Gamage, Mrs. Clara Foltz and others strengthened the weak sinews of their respective organizations, making good the deficit in the funds by personal self-denial.

There were many interesting events during the summer. One of these was the excursion to Sacramento in a special train during the State Fair. The credit for this undertaking belongs to Mrs. Romie Hutchinson. The suffragists stormed the capital and with a grand rally and an automobile parade turned the tide for the amendment.

A Fourth of July celebration was held by the Los Angeles suffragists. On that occasion the authorities raked out some old ordinance forbidding political speeches in the public park. The suffragists, however, cleverly got around this prohibition by singing the suffrage song, "Beloved California," with its stirring refrain, "Hurrah, hurrah, the vote will make us free!" causing the welkin to ring.

At the Cherry Festival in San Leandro the Oakland Amendment League had a suffrage booth, with all the accompaniments of decorations, literature, "Equality Tea," etc. This tea was a special brand for the campaign, manufactured for the Woman Suffrage Party and used by the other organizations for the benefit of the funds and for publicity.

An out-of-door fete and woman's pageant was held in Piedmont, another country suburb of Oakland, by the College Leagues of all the bay cities. It was, of course, a large and most successful affair.

Mrs. Rose M. Baruch had charge of the Social Committee for the Political Equality League of Los Angeles, and had given her entire time for one year and a half to the work. During the summer numerous functions and "society stunts" were given, and aroused large numbers of women heretofore in a comatose condition. A Garden Party, attended by one thousand persons, was given in the Italian Gardens.

Card parties, neighborhood teas, church and club meetings were held with great frequency by this League, and other organizations of the State as well. The Club Women's Franchise League gave a series of teas, holding these at its headquarters and also at the homes of members.

These suffrage teas proved so popular that the example was imitated by all the minor leagues and clubs everywhere around the bay and in the interior towns. Some woman would volunteer to act as hostess, and the club would invite the guests, and provide the refreshments.

On Admission Day we had a beautiful suffrage float in the parade, which was arranged and carried out by the Wage Earners' League, Miss Maud Younger, Mrs. Ed. H. O'Donnell, Mrs. Louise La Rue and others participating in costume as women of the different trades and professions.

A series of hotel meetings were conducted by the Equal Suffrage League of San Francisco. All the leading hotels of the city were approached in this way, the meeting being advertised in the hotel, and held in its largest parlors or dining hall, with the best local speakers. Mrs. Goodman Lowenthal was chairman of this committee.

Lantern slide exhibitions were held at some of the vaudeville houses—wherever we could get permission—and at one or two moving picture shows in the "Mission." The work of preparing the slides was done and donated to the cause by Miss Ida Diserenz, a local musician and artist.

Automobile tours were conducted by the "college," "club-women" and others throughout the interior. The College League had a special car, called the Blue Liner, which held college girls who performed various "suffrage stunts" for the edification and conversion of the country-folk.

Early in September an Election Day Committee for San Francisco was formed, composed of two delegates from each club and league, with Miss Gail Laughlin as chairman. It began its important work immediately. The securing of volunteer workers and watchers for every precinct in the city was alone a herculean task. Special headquarters had to be provided, where paid clerks as well as volunteer workers were constantly occupied. The undertaking had to be financed, and mass meetings held, especially for the purpose of this committee.

Mrs. Rose M. French, Mrs. Mary T. Gamage, Mrs. Helen Hall, Mrs. Ella C. Bennett, Mrs. Romie Hutchinson, Mrs. Geneva Wale, Mrs. Dorothy Harnden, Mrs. Constance Dean, Mrs. Ernestine Black, Miss Clara Schlingheyde, Mrs. Lillian H. Coffin, Mrs. Arthur Cornwall and Mrs. Oscar Cushing were members of this committee, who served with zealous devotion.

Many of the lodges and religious bodies were addressed. The B'nai B'rith Order held a joint meeting of all branch lodges for this purpose, though "political" subjects are barred out by the rules, through the interest of Mr. Otto Irving Wise.

Post Card Day was a great success. Ten thousand new cards, specially issued by the College League, with the printed notice in regard to Amendment Four, were all sold out, as well as a large number of all the other campaign cards. Prettily costumed young saleswomen of the different leagues stood at the chief traffic points, with golden bannerettes, offering their wares.

During the last week the College League maintained special headquarters in a small vacant store on upper Market street, where the passer-by was lured within and won by the fine display of pennants and literature to vote for the amendment. It attracted the attention of hundreds who had never heard of the subject, impossible as this latter idea appeared to us. Miss Dora T. Israel had charge of this very effective work.

Open-air meetings were begun rather timidly at first, but soon all caught fire with this form of propaganda, and working women, college women, club women and home women alike were speaking from automobiles, and even soap boxes, to the "man in the street."

He liked it, evidently, and stood about by hundreds, preferring the women speakers, as more of a novelty! Men speakers

always accompanied the party, however, and in the Latin quarter we had the editor of the Italian paper and others to address these people in their own language.

The behavior of the crowd was perfectly respectful, attentive and interested. Of course, we were well aware that this did not always mean conversion, for the temper of San Franciscans is "free and easy," tolerant and curious. When the crowd grew too large to hear the loudest-voiced speaker, workers would alight from the machine, and, circulating on the outer edge, offer arguments, leaflets and buttons, all free!

These street meetings were held, both afternoon and evening, during the last week of the campaign, all the different clubs and leagues conducting their own, separately, in different parts of the city. Sometimes two or more would form into line, and make a sort of triumphal tour down the main thoroughfares.

Hailing each other with happy shouts, the brilliant coloring of our decorations, Votes for Women banners and pennants flying, military music from flutes and cornets ringing out on the still autumn air, made it all seem like a carnival parade in some European city.

How well the public interest had been worked up in this "whirlwind campaign" was shown at our monster rally on Thursday evening, October 6, when San Franciscans began to go to suffrage meetings at seven o'clock. It was a far and a happy cry from the days told of in the first pages of my story, when the subject of suffrage was "under a social ban."

Dreamland Rink (termed by the antis an "appropriate place for the suffragettes") was filled to overflowing long before eight o'clock, and a large corps of police maintaining order. One of these told me that there were 8,000 persons, inside and out, the largest crowd ever gathered in San Francisco, except during the visit of Ulysses S. Grant.

The speakers, including all the noted ones, both men and women, an aggregation that could not be equaled in the West, were escorted in turn by the stalwart guardians to repeat their addresses to the crowd in the street, which filled it to the extent of half the block. And truly, they seemed inspired under the moonlight.

A band, with fireworks, was stationed at the lower corner of the street.

This magnificent meeting was managed by members of the College League, young matrons heretofore leading a life purely social and domestic. They had a large force of young girl ushers, clad in the prettiest of gowns, and with dainty collection baskets,



MRS. ELLEN CLARK SARGENT



buttons, fancy badges and pins, and pennants, who threaded their way through the crowd, performing their duties with ease and skill.

The grand climacteric was the last open-air meeting at Union Square, that spot almost historic in our cause this campaign, when Lillian Nordica, standing in the automobile, and waving our banner with a grand, exultant gesture, sang the Song of the Banner, with words of her own. "Flash the news from West to East, that your women are free!"

Two of our noblest knight-errants, just at this time, on the eve of victory, went to join our lost leaders. Mr. William Keith, one of the world's greatest, and California's best-loved artist, and Mrs. Ellen Clark Sargent, had in very deed and truth, ridden "till eternity," with no thought of "after recompense," on the great quest of their "imagined star!"

The flags of the city were placed at half-mast for Mrs. Sargent, the first time in the history of San Francisco that this honor had been paid to a woman, and a beautiful memorial service was held in Union Square, all suffrage societies and leading persons of the community participating.

Our activities were doubled and trebled at this time, as under the stimulus of the bracing sea breezes and the nearness of the fateful day, we worked like very fiends, until it seemed that after the intense nervous strain of months, those slender wires that bear the life-currents were going to snap.

There were committee meetings of the various executive bodies every morning, parlor meetings and suffrage teas in the afternoons, besides all the work at headquarters that never stopped, even on Sundays; district, street and mass meetings every evening.

Truly did it seem a rank injustice that the same few hands and brains must do it all; must conceive the plans and execute them, administer the inadequate war fund after begging it by a process resembling that of extracting teeth; must overdraw on their own precious vital forces in doing routine clerical work that should have been hired, putting forth at the same time that mighty effort of brain, heart and soul, that all the bank bills of the antis could not have bought.

Whole classes of women, the best fitted of all to render practical service to the cause, had been debarred by the very fact of their employment in business and the professions. Now, at the last recruits came forward in response to the urgent need, but the directing of untrained workers is often more difficult than doing it oneself.

Moreover, it is inevitable that in the main such work has to be finished by these same hands, hearts and brains that have directed it from the first. Heavy rush orders for literature came in at the last from the country districts, and the small staff at state headquarters toiled sometimes far into the night.

Here they might be found any evening during these last days, after having snatched a hasty bite at a cafeteria by way of dining—these women, who were grandmothers—one of them napping on the couch, while the rest worked on, in hushed voices, beside her.

Alas, that Nature cares nothing for "Causes," and the sins against her, though committed for the weal of the race, must be expiated in physical suffering, even unto death. No wonder that serious attacks of illness, in many cases, should have followed "after the battle," one dear lady having indeed atoned to her outraged and jealous mother, for her knight-errantry to her sisters!

It is to these "few who always do the work," as we are so complacently told, that the women of California are today indebted for their political freedom. For, while the younger generation and the new converts brought to the movement fresh vigor, hope and enthusiasm, still it was by the genius of eternal patience, the wise leadership, the political sagacity and statecraft, the self-sacrifice of many years, that the battle was won.

A Light—A Light!

*“What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?”
“Why, you shall say, at break of day,
Sail on, sail on; sail on and on!”*

*Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then, a speck;
A light? A light! A light! A light!*

—Joaquin Miller.

To our own “poet of the Sierras” are we Californians and the world indebted, for these words so inspiring to all bold adventurers on the Sea of Progress. October 10, 1911, proved to be the greatest day of my life, and may also be considered as one of the greatest days in the life of my community, my state, and my country.

For it was the day on which the ultimate expression of the right of private judgment, that supreme victory won by man in his spiritual struggle throughout the ages past, became fixed in the law of our state. It dawned in fair beauty, and we workers were up with the dawn, pacing our sidewalk decks and looking out—over the sea!

We remained at our posts of duty, the one hundred-foot limit from the polls, until relieved, handing to each voter the special circular printed for election day, and having a word with him when deemed advisable, on the subject of Amendment Four.

Numerous lunch-stations at private homes served dainty and bountiful refreshment to the weary workers—when the latter were not too absorbed in their duties to get any lunches at all!

Besides the regularly-appointed workers, there were many impromptu volunteer aides. The California Club had omitted its regular meeting in honor of “the day,” and a small corps of members of its Executive Board, with Mrs. Lovell White, the president, took up their position on the steps of the clubhouse.

From this point of vantage they darted out like so many spiders at the men who passed by, running out into the middle of the street, and hailing the drivers of the wagons. Leaning forward, with hand to ear, these would shout back that they had "voted for the women!"

The day was balmy, with an atmosphere of the most perfect peace; no outward sign of the turmoil of the spirit, the conflict of wills that we knew existed, save in a few experiences, of a distinctly humorous nature.

One Italian ran up to a worker, crying out for "ticket!" with hand outstretched. But it was not our ticket he wanted, for on being handed one, with a glance at the contents, he tossed it away, highly indignant, ejaculating the words "Go devil!"

Several of the ladies were advised to "go home" and "wash the dishes," with variations on this anti-quated theme so familiar to the suffragist.

One little girl who hung about with childish curiosity, on having the matter explained to her, was at once converted, and exclaimed, "O, dear, my papa has voted already, and I know he didn't vote for us—but I'm going to run right home and ask him to come down and do it now!"

One worker, a woman with six children, after caring properly for them all, and while the elder ones were in school, took the three youngest to the polling place with her, and remained nearly all day.

District captains and officials of our Committee made the tour of the city in motor-cars, giving out instructions, encouragement and supplies of leaflets. Reports were so conflicting, however, that it was impossible to form a judgment.

From authentic sources of information furnished members of the Committee, it was learned that there had been fraud on a large scale, in the North Beach district, instigated by one of the most notorious corruptionists of the state.

The Examiner, influenced no doubt by the eleventh hour conversion of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst to our cause, had donated Dreamland Rink to the suffragists for the evening. Not to be outdone, the Chronicle had offered the use of the Scottish Rite Auditorium to those "interested in the fate of Amendment Four." (For "fate" substitute "defeat.")

Those who were neither serving as watchers, nor too "worn to a frazzle" to stir from home, went to "Dreamland." It was not tonight, however, the land of our dreams. Nor was it that land the great Admiral "peered through darkness" to find. We,

too, peered through darkness, and we saw the "light" on the big screen record a big adverse vote for us.

The meagre returns at that early hour, mostly from the city precincts, were highly unfavorable. They were greeted by groans from our side, drowned by cheers from the antis, who seemed to be in the majority. Moving pictures were to alternate with the figures of the returns, to fill in the intervals, and soothe the impatience of the audience.

However, the figures had been quite enough for us—in the way of *moving pictures*—so we left. Outside, a fellow who looked the "tough," came up and said in a pseudo-respectful manner, "You've lost, haven't you, ladies?" We replied that it looked that way, whereupon, as he turned on his heel in evident satisfaction, he uttered the solemn prophecy, "You'll never get it in California!"

Market Street was thronged with a typical election night crowd, to watch the returns, and "have a good time"; men, swaggering along, with cigars in their mouths, and hobbled women (in more senses than one) on their arms. The returns on the bulletin-boards for the initiative, referendum and recall were favorable beyond anyone's wildest hopes, and were cheered lustily.

So was the result on our measure, the most fundamental of all the twenty-six, the most vital in its relation to human welfare, and the only one "snowed under!" The *defeat of Amendment Four* was likewise cheered.

The chaste moon arose, and shone on the scene, as she had done on our great night of Thursday; but now she seemed to look coldly on us, and on those bulletin-boards, as though in serene indifference to our fate.

At Election Committee headquarters all was gloom. Closed in the inner office were Miss Laughlin and her staff, glued to the telephone, and without, a few sat at the table, their heads bowed in their hands. An autoload of committee-women had just arrived from their rounds, with reports from watchers. There was no "good word."

It was now long after eleven. Before the Chronicle building stood the remnant of the gay throng of two hours ago; men whose faces bore the brand of vice and evil unmistakably. The latest and total returns from all the precincts in the state had just been placed on the screen, and were greeted with hearty and unanimous howls of delight from this choice delegation of citizens.

Then, for their further edification, appeared on high a legend, writ large and black on the white canvas: "*What Is Mrs. Cat Saying Now?*"

I was wondering whether the quaint wit and originality of this sentiment would be adequately appreciated by this "bunch," and thinking what a pity there were not more of the "better-to-do" from Nob Hill and Pacific Avenue among them, when a man's voice asked loudly "What the devil does that mean?"

I did not enlighten him. Hurrying along the lonely, unlighted street, on the way to my car, I heard masculine voices behind me, engaged in a conversation they evidently did not care to make private.

"They've got no homes themselves, d—— 'em," one was saying to his companion, "and they want to destroy other people's."

I turned around quickly, facing them. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen. Are you speaking of the suffragists?" They, too, had stopped short, and the sheepish look on their faces answered.

"If so, I want to let you know that you are mistaken. We do not desire to destroy homes. But we do desire—and *intend*—*to have a voice in our own government*. If you men continue to withhold it from us"—I wheeled again, and walked rapidly to the corner, and the approaching car, flinging the last words back at them over my shoulder—"we'll take it!"

That night to all of us—those who, pale and worn, remained on deck, peering through darkness, and those who went below and tried to let sleep knit up the raveled sleeve of care—it seemed as though naught but "shoreless seas" lay before us!

But, determined to put a good face on defeat, next day, we dressed in our best, including our badges and regalia, for the council of war in the afternoon at State Headquarters. The latest edition of the Bulletin, one of our strongest supporters, had declared our defeat by eight thousand votes.

One reporter, stating that the Los Angeles women had "left the polls in despair" early on the evening before, burst into poetic verbiage, thus: "California Suffragists Sing Their Swan Song."

The State Board had intended, in the event of victory, to send a delegation to the National Convention at St. Louis, on the 17th of October. But now, fired with the same dauntless spirit that had animated the great discoverer, our intrepid leaders declared that they would remain, and devote the time, money and strength to renewing the battle!

Resolutions to this effect were passed, and given to the press. A round-robin letter was drafted and sent out to all the suffrage

organizations throughout the state, by *our* Admiral, Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson, whose "good words" were in effect those of Columbus to his mate—"On, sail on!"

Mrs. Keith and myself crossed the bay together. This time we stood, literally, on the deck, and peered through the darkness of doubt, if not despair. After our wonderful campaign, which had aroused the admiration of even the men opposed to us, this coming after the growth of public sentiment for sixteen years—after all the predictions that had been made by the men who "knew politics," of victory, "three to one"—we had gained but five thousand votes over the result in '96!

At my sister's home in Berkeley I was ordered the rest-cure, and the order straightway executed. The sweet air of my sleeping-porch, and utter exhaustion, made this night, darkest of all to the watchers, pass for me in blissful oblivion—and then, in the morning, that "speck" of light!

It came to me in my sister's voice, over the telephone, making my pulses leap, and in another moment she bounded up the stairs, three at a stride. It was true! There was just a ray of hope: a fighting chance that we would win after all! Returns slowly coming in from remote country districts—the "cow counties," with the handsome majorities in Los Angeles, Fresno and Santa Clara, had nearly done away with the adverse majority. Even the city kept showing up better; less than two to one against, it was now.

The oldest "campaigners" had forgotten, in the midst of the excitement, that the San Francisco precincts went *three to one* against last time. Like the mob before the bulletin-boards, we had deluded ourselves with the notion that our city was the whole state of California!

Never did the time-worn phrase, "another county heard from," seem fraught with such happy meaning!

Rest-curing was impossible under the circumstances. The joy-cure had taken its place, I declared to my doctor-sister, and arose and returned to my native city, donning my badges and regalia once more.

A newsboy on the other side, recognizing these, greeted me with cheer, as he waved his paper at me. "You're are goin' to win out!" "Are you glad?" I beamed on him as I took it. "Ain't I? You bet I oughter be! Didn't I put up a five-dollar gold piecee on yez?"

At Committee Headquarters Miss Laughlin and her band, with flushed and hectic features, were still "working like fiends," at the telephone and in the council-chamber. We dared not be

too sure, or too happy, she said, for the theft of even a very few votes from each precinct of the state on the official count would mean the loss of our hard-won victory.

It had been Black Wednesday indeed, when we peered through darkness. Now today seemed Holy Thursday, as the majority in our favor crept slowly up, from a few hundred votes to three thousand and more!

The farmers and miners of our great, free western state, lonely toilers doing their own thinking under the sky, had been our knight-errants, and found for us that "imagined star." Everywhere the same story—the plain people beloved by Lincoln had saved the day; the denizens of the "upper and lower slums" alike had been united against us!

We had kept back our womanish tears on that Black Wednesday. Now we gave free rein to our emotions, in both manly and womanly fashion, with handshaking and back-slapping, as well as hugging and kissing one another. The women in the street looked just about the same as ever. We wondered how they could!

Friday was Columbus Day! And the procession, with its music and gay colors, marching through the Latin Quarter, must be celebrating our victory!

On the following Monday our delegation left for St. Louis, there to be hailed as heroines of the struggle. But the remnant of our leaders left in the city, and many, many of the rank and file of the workers were far too weary to celebrate!

A few minor jubilees were held, in the form of mass meetings, and we said goodbye to our splendid helper, Miss Gail Laughlin, at a rustic fete in the lovely Sutro forest, with basket-lunches and speeches in the natural amphitheatre.

But not till a month later could we summon the nervous energy to plan and carry out a celebration of our own on a fitting scale—a big jubilee banquet; the last and best of all suffrage banquets held in San Francisco!

It took us some time to get accustomed to being hailed as "fellow citizens," and we started as though from a dream, and rubbed our eyes, at the words "new voters," and other allusions in the press. One paper called us "the great unknown factor, who will hold the balance of power in all future political contests in the state."

We had always been "the great unknown," but these respectful designations seemed a great improvement (though perhaps the "antis" might not agree with us) on the half-sneering,

complimentary "ladies," and the frankly brutal and contemptuous "mice." Particularly the latter!

Our sisters, across the wide continent, had with us been plunged in despair, and raised through hope to the heights of joy when at last had thrilled over the wires that message: "A light—a light!"

"It is the greatest single advance that the movement in America has yet made," declares Alice Stone Blackwell, our knight-errant of New England, worthy daughter of two lost leaders of our cause.

"Cold type can but poorly express our overflowing joy," she says. "The victory has carried courage and cheer to lovers of justice in every country of the civilized globe."

At a banquet of the Massachusetts "Men's League" Francis J. Garrison became "Methodistical in his outburst of joy at winning that mighty state, of world-wide fame, where at one stroke the number of women voters with full suffrage is doubled."

He continues: "It is impossible to exaggerate the importance and far-reaching influence of this conquest!"

Our national organ, the Women's Journal, which gave in its issue of October 14th—the Jubilee Number—a most beautiful picture of the statue "Liberty Welcoming the Sixth Star," announced:

"The joy of New York and Boston suffragists over the victory in California found vent in two great mass meetings, of a quality new to women's gatherings."

At Cooper Union Hall the new six-star banner floated over the stage, and thousands of women burst into spontaneous cheers at sight of the *new star flashing forth in electric light*.

We, the wearied workers who had found that star, could see it only with our astral eyes, and hear with the ear of the spirit only, the joyful shouts; the splendid poem written for the occasion, and read by its author, our own Mary Austin; and the singing of our campaign song—"Beloved California."

It Moves, Notwithstanding

*I am Liberty, God's Daughter;
 My symbols, a law and a torch;
 Not a sword to threaten slaughter,
 Not a flame to dazzle or scorch;
 But a Light that the world may see,
 And a Truth that shall make men free!*

John Boyle O'Reilly.

Unlike the great Galileo, we arose from our knees to recant our despairing denial of the great law of progress. It was the fall, and not the spring of the year, and yet did it seem the spring-time of our lives, the re-creation of all things.

But now as I write this record, at that period when with festival and rejoicing all the world celebrates the renewal of earth and its marvels, it seems indeed as though we were experiencing resurrection and a new life.

As the suffrage world now knows, the California women, with only a short pause to get breath once more, have plunged with "deadly" earnestness into the sea of civic and national affairs.

Women's separate political clubs for the different presidential candidates have been organized, as well as non-partisan women's leagues, which have won high praise for their broad spirit, in permitting all the different political creeds to obtain a hearing at their gatherings, in the style of the old-fashioned New England town meetings.

December 6th was another happy day for California, for it was then that the women of Los Angeles, seventy thousand strong, went to the polls and, as the press three thousand miles away expressed it, "courted as they had been by all the hobbyists and theorists, kept faith with their country and their government."

The Los Angeles Tribune more modestly praised its women, declaring that they had "scored a superb victory as citizens; that they united feminine patience and masculine intelligence as to the issues—they asked fewer questions and made fewer mistakes than the men," etc., etc.

Mrs. Sabella C. Pease was wheeled to the polls in an invalid's chair and cast her first ballot at the age of ninety, which was indeed to enjoy an "honored old age!"

The bitterly-opposed Times had begun to sound the slogan long in advance, calling on the women (by the performance of the unwomanly and contaminating deed) to "rally and save the city"; which they did, of course, entirely in response to this highly consistent demand!

We San Francisco women were not given the opportunity to exercise our new privilege until some months later. Meanwhile we occupied the time in reorganization. The "Club-Women's Franchise League" was rechristened as the "New Era League," led by Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin. The College Women's League has been succeeded by the "Civic League of California," which is forming branches all over the state. Its San Francisco Centre has fine offices and lecture-room.

The "Votes for Women Club" celebrated its glorious and happy death in a "wake," and the "Home Club" is now being organized, with a distinct and unique aim among all the multifarious women's bodies of the community, holding evening meetings only; its true *raison d'être* being a *home* of its own which will be a residence-club for women.

More anti's had been started, in the form of a petition, circulated among men only. Canvassers were tempted with a fee of three cents for each signature, but the post-humous crusade met with little success.

Early in 1912 the State Association held a two days' convention, at which it was decided to continue in existence one year longer, in order to assist other campaign states. Mrs. Mary McHenry Keith was elected president.

Mayor Rolph, soon after election, appointed another woman on the Board of Education. Women have served on juries in minor cases, and agitation is now going on for their appointment in the notorious "white slavery" cases, in which the abuses of justice are so flagrant. A movement for a separate court for cases involving women is also on foot.

On Valentine's Day we had our "registration tea," conceived and carried out by the New Era League. It was a fitting day for such an event, in every sense, and the day before *our St. Susan's* anniversary! It was ideal California winter weather; sunshine flooded the scene, and the dear saint herself seemed to smile down upon us from the blue heavens!

"Register Now" was the legend on the black and white banners, happily displacing the yellow ones on the automobiles

loaned for the occasion, in which working girls as well as society women were conveyed to and from the City Hall, returning to the St. Francis hotel, where the club-women kept "open house" and served tea, all afternoon.

Was it a dream? Some of us rubbed our eyes, remembering that time, only one short year and a half ago, when our little band of insurgent women besieged the registration office with a pseudo-serious demand to be registered. This time the placard "all citizens must register" would have stated a fact! This time our request was not refused!

A force of thirty extra clerks lined the three sides of the big basement, some of them smiling broadly, in spite of themselves, at the unwonted circumstances. A large committee from the New Era League was in attendance to assist the timid ones, and the whole had the air of a social function.

Later on, the bureau was opened in the evening, until midnight. The sight held a certain fascination, to one who had worked for years for Votes for Women. The basement was crowded; three rows deep, and an extra room was provided for the women, with chairs before the long counters.

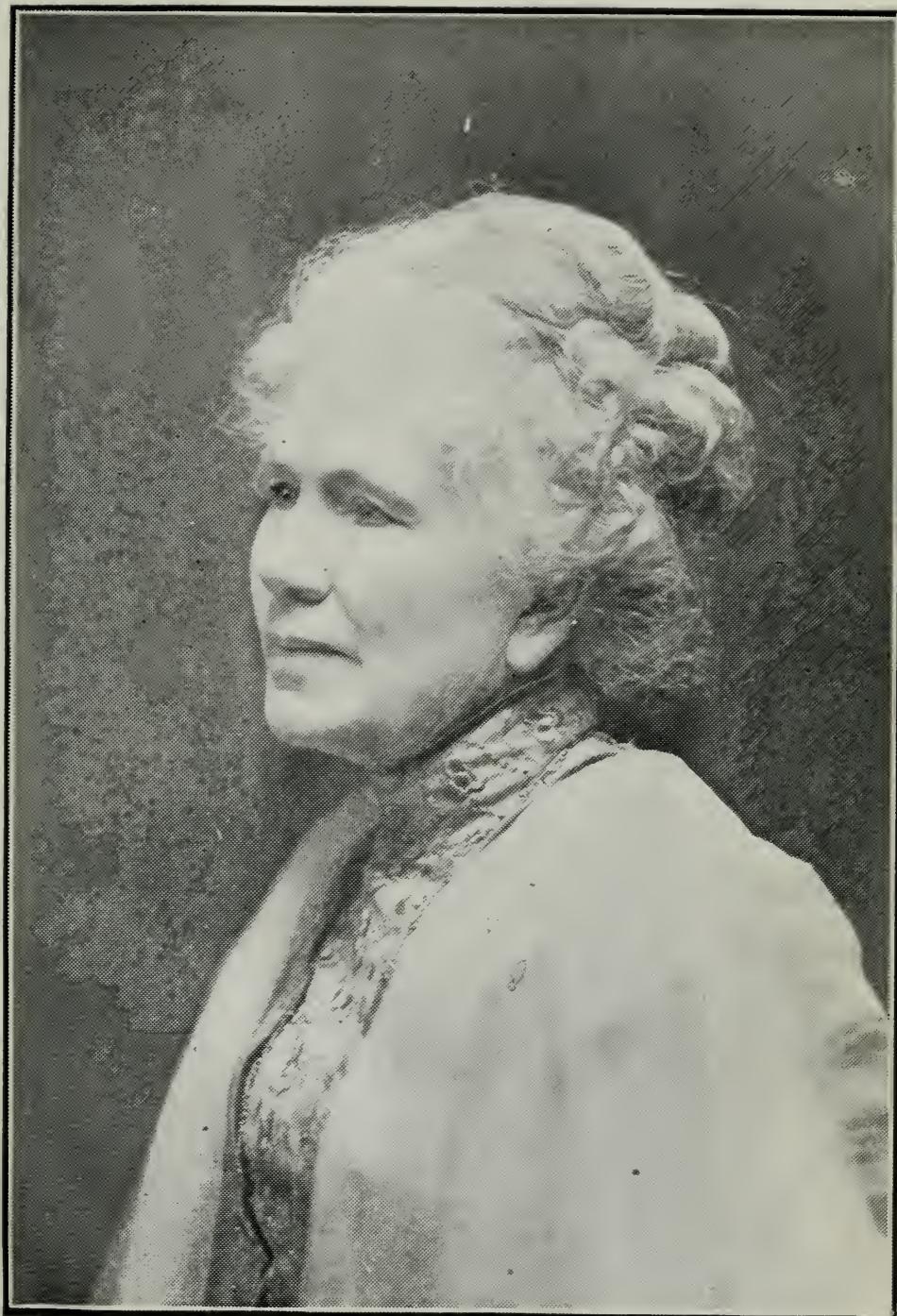
"It looks as though the women did want to vote, doesn't it?" I remarked to one of the officials. "Well, I should say!" was his answer. "Some of 'em have been waiting here since seven o'clock." (It was then nine-thirty.) There were bunches of business-women, and family parties. As I left the place, I overheard some of these men instructing their women—"They give you the ballot—and you fold it," etc.

Registrar Zemansky had announced in the press that he would appoint women as election clerks, wherever qualified, to the number of one-half of the total for all the precincts. He kept his word.

On March 28th Mayor Rolph was reported in the press as declaring that it had been the happiest day of his life—because the bonds for the civic centre had been carried by a tremendous majority. It was also one of the happiest days in the lives of a number of women who are now no longer suffragists, but citizens.

My precinct was in a foreign quarter, where the total vote is not large, and at the door of the booth—now no longer "the ark of the masculine covenant" alone, three officials waited for me, quite like feminine hostesses on a "day at home"; so that I was moved to pause and say "Good-day, fellow-citizens. I've come to vote."

The dreadful ordeal, which consisted in stamping with the rubber cross in the "yes" place for the bonds, being gone through



MRS. ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON

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with in about a minute and a half, the three men saw me out with the invitation to "come again tomorrow," which was not at all a facetious remark, for on the following day the second special election, on the question of municipal ownership of the telephone system, was to be held.

Would that all women were as true to their sex as Alice, colored cook in the household of a Berkeley suffragist! Offered a half-holiday so that she might take h r time (which she was wont 'o take!) about voting, she thus addressed her astonished mistress:

"No, ma'am! No holiday for me on 'lection day. Not much I ain't goin' to let my doin's prove all them silly folks right what have said that the women would neglect their house, and heir children, and their work, to go and vote! Not much, ma'am! I'm goin' to put in a good, full day of work, I am, and come back and git dinner, just the same as I allus do—and vote, besides!

The newspaper accounts said it was "generally conceded that the women were responsible for the remarkable vote on the bonds." In proportion to registration they voted far stronger than the men. In 100 precincts women cast the first vote. They were alluded to as "early birds, anxious to see how it felt to be citizens." (Mark the guileless admission!)

The Call said: "The cataclysm did not come. . . . The day was enlivened by the cracking of just 3702 carefully planned jokes concerning the 'ladies.' . . . The women did not linger 'gassing' about the polls, but showed a business-like promptness in casting their votes that men can copy without doing any harm to their businesses. . . . The Mayor and Mrs. Rolph went together to their polling-place."

Helen Dare, in the Chronicle, now declares that our "antagonist" will now have to swallow a bitter pill, as she "will be obliged to do in sheer self-defense what she so valiantly and vainly fought against doing! She must march to the music of her victorious voting sisters, or she will find herself wanting what she doesn't get, or getting what she doesn't want!"

But of all these great days for the new woman citizen, the greatest, according to the local press, was May 14th, because then occurred the first presidential primary in the state, and the first opportunity for its women to participate in national politics.

There is just time, as this modest history is completed, to include, as is fitting, the novel experience to the writer, of serving as clerk of election in her precinct. This was in marked contrast to the terrible visions conjured up by the "antis."

Arriving at the polls promptly at a quarter to six, in the morning, I found my five masculine colleagues assembled there, in the clean booth built of new, sweet-smelling pine wood, with all the election paraphernalia on hand, and was duly and properly introduced.

Glancing around, I saw a vase of flowers on the impromptu shelf, and was glad that in my haste I had forgotten to bring a large bunch of calla lilies that I had intended for the booth. One of the men coyly confessed to having placed the bouquet there, and on being asked whether it was the custom he also confessed that it was not, adding, apologetically, "but we never had a lady here before."

A number of incidents enlivened the dull proceedings of the day. One "anti" voted in my precinct, and the means she took of informing me of the fact was the following: After exercising the citizen's privilege, won for her at so high a cost, she turned to me, and exclaimed, "I think it's just awful." And from the safe vantage ground which by that time she had gained, outside the booth, she volunteered the further new and startling thesis that "women didn't have sense enough to vote."

When I could recover from my astonishment, I advised her unofficially that she being the best judge of her own capacity, or lack of the same, it would be well for *her*, certainly, not to vote again!

One man voter, a teamster, was evidently for another reason incapacitated, for his hand trembled so violently while signing his name to the roster that he was obliged to desist. Rising, and muttering that he would come back when he "felt better," he returned some hours later, so restored as to be almost unrecognizable. It goes without saying that none of the women voters labored under a similar temporary affliction!

The great problem of the "antis" was solved that day in my precinct. To Mrs. Zeila O. Blake belongs this honor. As simply and naturally as though from time immemorial it had been the custom at elections, this lady entered the booth in company with her husband and a girl baby, which was wheeled by its father in a go-cart.

In view of *anti* nightmares and delirium tremens anent the degradation of the polls, it behooves me here to state, and to make my solemn affidavit, that during the fifteen hours of my clerkship no lady in a drawing-room could have received more courteous treatment. During all that time not a single profane or coarse word assailed my ears, such as alas, alas, those members have

frequently been "contaminated" with on the streets, in the cars, and at the theatre!

Of course, a native daughter of the Golden West can have no means of knowing how far inferior in character the men of the Eastern states may be—except through anti-pathetic testimony. And, singularly enough, it is we suffragists who are supposed to be at war with our brother men!

Events have come thronging fast on the great victory in California! The granting of equal political rights to the women of China, as is reported, even though coupled with both an educational and a property qualification, well deserves to be considered, as Miss Blackwell has said. "the most amazing event the Journal has had to chronicle during its forty years of existence.

Almost does it seem as though on the opposite shore of the vast Pacific, the voice of Liberty had echoed in thunder-tones, carried by the waves that receded from our coast on that great day of Columbus, October 13th!

In China, fast-bound in sleep of centuries, land of immemorial slumber, woman is at last awake! Mind and foot no more are shackled. And even in the Orient our sisters of the harems are raising the veil, and their brothers no longer stab them to the heart!

Surely is this spring-tide of the year 1912 destined to be ever memorable in the world's annals—a true resurrection and re-birth to many peoples and lands. The Lord has said again, as at the beginning: "*Let there be Light.*"

On the far borders of that other Sea, where Liberty listens for her music, occurred on May 4th one of these world-stirring events that forms a fitting finish for my little chronicle.

There, in that great seaport city of nearly five million souls, fifteen thousand women marched in a parade, the greatest demonstration of united womanhood that the new world has ever seen.

Well might the band have played "Hail the Conquering Heroines Come" as they marched, a living proof of the poet's prophecy—of the Woman Soul that leads *on and upward!*

The Girl From Colorado

or

The Conversion of Aunty Suffridge

An American Votes-For-Women Comedy with a Love Interest

By SELINA SOLOMONS

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SYNOPSIS.

Constance Wright visits her native state of California, after the vote is won, and finds her aunty, Mrs. Lavina Suffridge, president of the "Sixteenth Century Woman's Club," opposed to taking part in the coming election, as the Reverend Hawse Chestnut does not consider it womanly to vote. Ivy Millstone, another niece of aunty's, is desperately devoted to Professor Ernest Armstrong of the University of Stanley. But the young professor prefers Constance. The Rev. Chestnut has a candidate whom he desires elected, and, egged on by Constance, he convinces aunty that his ideal woman is she who does her citizen's duty at the polls. Aunty is thereupon converted, and promises, at the same time, to become Mrs. Chestnut number two. In the last scene, which takes place at the polls, Aunty, Ivy and the other women vote. Professor Armstrong succeeds in clearing up the misunderstanding, due to the anti's of Ivy, between himself and Constance, and in persuading her to remain in California, and continue to promote the cause of good citizenship and true womanhood, as his wife.

Mrs —

